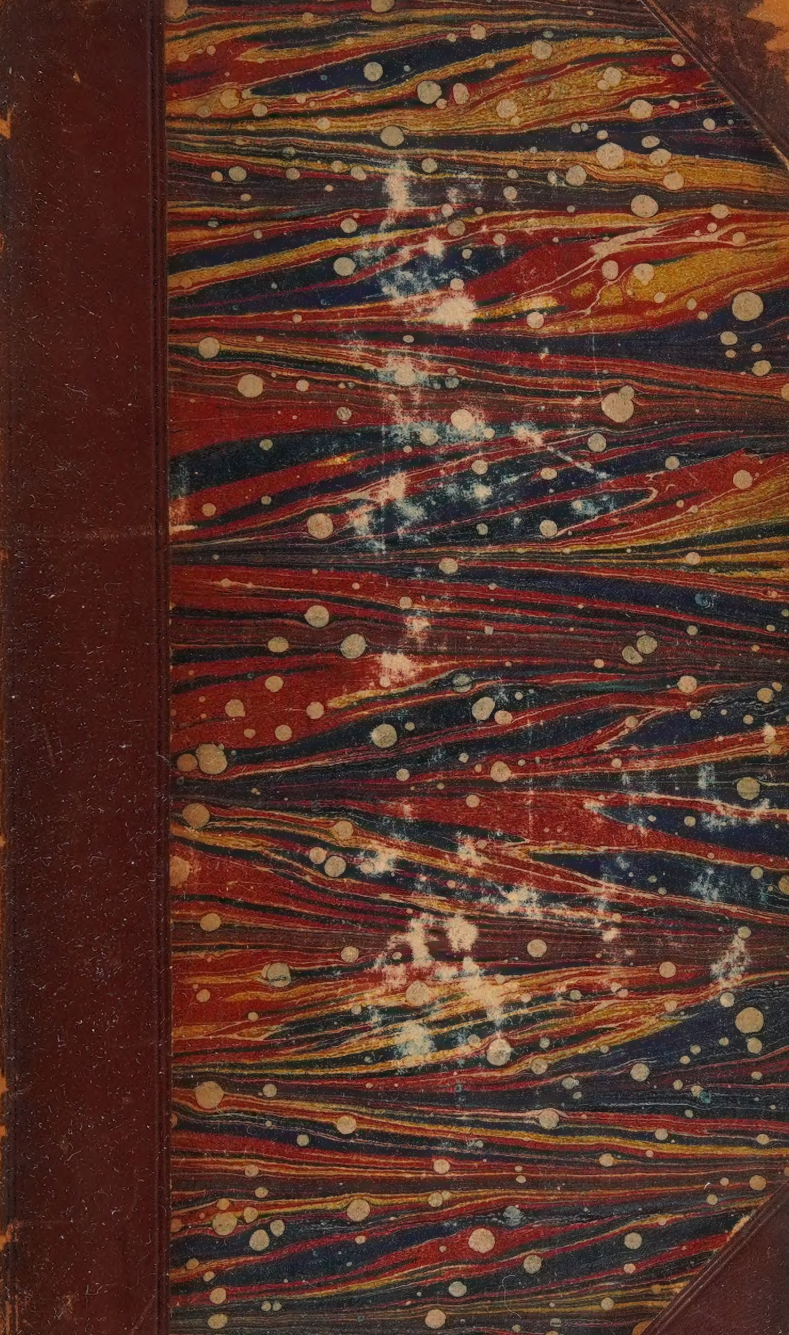

By William Bennett.

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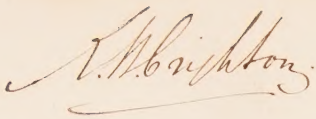

OWAIN GOCH

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE CAVALIER," "KING OF THE PEAK,"

&c. &c.

And what a noble plot was crost,
And what a brave design was lost!

COWLEY

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR

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LEE GIBBONS

TO

NORMAN COURTDELOIS, ESQ.

My dear Sir,

I have once more to apologise for those very large professions I made you, of rendering my poor assistance in aiding your inquiries after the non-conformist ministers, and for the very limited performance I have been able to achieve. The truth is, that when I got immersed in the mass of matter which, through the kindness of friends, I have raked together, my mind occupied itself too deeply with the amusement its perusal afforded, to be able to carry any remembrance of your necessities. When in your chambers, you

will doubtless call to mind my proneness to consider the *materies* rather than the *opus*. I remember being favoured with a long lecture one day, when you placed before me a huge box of deeds to be abstracted, because, at the end of an hour, you detected me earnestly pondering the signature of the Lord President Bradshawe, who was a witness to the deed commencing the title.

I have been particularly struck, in investigating the papers of those ejected ministers and non-conformist divines, which I have before me, with the diary of one Josias C——, who was chaplain in the family of the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Barnardiston towards the close of the short reign of James the Second. I purpose, in the following letter, to give you a few extracts from his diary or register, as he calls it, a work, I assure you, replete with both amusement and instruction. He was a friend of Archbishop Leighton, Ainsworth, Arthur Hamilton, and other learned men of that

era ; and knew Burnett, but does not seem to have liked him. He studied and took his degree of M.A. at Glasgow, and I set down beneath a curious account of the part he took in the ceremony of Laureation in the year 1672.

"1672. *Apr.* We of the magistrand class," says he, "now in the beginning of April concluded our lecturing, in order to prepare for the ensuing Laureation. All the scholars that designed to take their degrees assembled to assesse one another for defraying the expenses, chose collectors of the money assessed, and treasurers, whereof one was for the Scotts and I for the English; and also stewards to provide gloves, and the printing of the theses — one on white satin for the patron, and an appointed number on paper. My tutor would engage me to be the publick orator at the laureation. I declined it, and earnestly begged his excuse, till I obtained it. But then he would not excuse my journey to Edinburgh to invite the grandees there to

our laureation: so that I went, furnished with gloves and theses, which I first presented to the patron, the Laird of Colshua, upon white satin. I then waited upon the Archbishop of Glasgow, Dr. Leighton, at his chamber in the colledge, whereof he had been formerly master. After presenting the service of our colledge and tutor, and invitation to our laureation, I craved his acceptance of the theses, which he thankfully accepted; but presenting then the *fine fringed gloves*, he started back, and with all demonstrations of humility, excused himselfe as unworthy of such a present. I humbly urged his acceptance; he still retired backward, and I pursued him till he came to the end of the chamber, and at last prevailed. But it was amazing to see with what humble gratitude, bowing to the very ground, this great man accepted the gloves. This was agreeable to his whole deportment at Glasgow, where the history of his deep humility might fill a

volume. I then waited on Sir James Turner, the steward of our university; afterwards on Dr. Burnett, our divinity professor, but he was out of town attending the Earl of Tweedale in his last illness. The day after my return home came on the famous laureation in the Trone church, (the colledge-hall, the usual place, not being capable to receive the number of scholars and the grand concourse of the learned clergy and gentry who were invited from all parts, besides a vast multitude of spectators), wherein, after our Regent in the pulpit, had prayed in Latin, and opened the design of that solemnity in an eloquent oration, and propounded the theses, came on the disputations, wherein every clergyman and gentleman present, or as many as would, called out what scholar he pleased for his respondent, and opposed upon any thesis that he read. This was a long exercise, which ended, the publick orator (Mr. I. L., my chamber-fellow, an Englishman, who accepted

the office after I had declined it) pronounced his declamation very well. Then were all the scholars sent out into the church-yard, waiting to be called in by the Regent according to his judgment of their degrees in learning, to be observed by the whole assembly. The first call was Arthur Hamilton (a Scots gentleman), the second, Josias C——. I not thinking myself worthy of that degree, put my friend, chamber-fellow and orator on going in my room; he readily accepted it and went in. I waited till his turn came to be called, then as I was going, I laid hold on Mr. Ainsworth to thrust him in my room, esteeming him a better scholar than either of us, but he refused it, so that I must go in, though (I thought) before many my betters. This being over, we all stood in order in the church. Then the primar (the learned Mr. Wright) read his injunctions to us out of the colledge statute book, pronouncing the title of Master of Arts over us: which done, the Regent con-

cluded all with a solemn prayer and thanksgiving. These things being ended, all we that were officers assembled to defray all charges and adjust all accounts, which we did to the content of all the scholars by whom we were entrusted. *Then all agreed to present the surplusage to the Regent. But before this was done, it was agreed (as usually) that every officer should have a dollar for his pains.* I opposed the motion, and would have paid 1*s.* 6*d.* that I had laid out at Edinburgh for two small books, out of the colledge money; but they would not receive it, saying, the trouble of my journey deserved a better gratuity. But it was carried against my inclination for every one to take half a dollar, which we did, though I thought our excellent Regent deserved the best of service. This being deducted, we presented a large purse as our valedictory, which was thankfully accepted."

Read the foregoing extract from the diary of this worthy neophyte, and say whether the times are not altered quite

and clean. An archbishop, with all demonstrations of humility, declining the acceptance of a pair of silk gloves as a present too magnificent for him! I will say nothing of the reward of the officers' services, and the large purse to the regent, which was accepted *with thankfulness.* Mr. C——, it appears by his diary, was some time afterwards settled in London as tutor in some eminent school, and whilst in that capacity he notes down the following account of a journey he made to Bristol, which I extract for the purpose of shewing you the quaint turn of his humour.

"1676. In the spring, during the Whitson vacation, I made a journey to Bristol, partly for health's sake, but chiefly to visit and encourage my beloved brother Joseph, who was apprentice there to Mr. ——, a soap-boiler and tobacconist in Redcliff street. Should I recite a foolish juvenile rencounter in my journey thither? I think not, unless it were for the sake of some diverting conversation with a fellow

traveller. Having amused myself part of the first day at Windsor Castle and Eaton School, I lodged at Maidenhead. The next morning my landlord coming into my chamber, enquired whether I was travelling westward? If so, there was a gentleman in the inn would be glad of my company. The compliment being returned, we mounted together, I on a good gelding, he on an indifferent hack, which, after a little riding, gave the gentleman occasion to observe how much his horse was invigorated by the company of mine, and so that horses were the most sociable creatures in the world, since one so egged on another in the road. I begged leave to dissent from him in his conclusion, that therefore horses were the most sociable creatures in the world; for I thought sociableness was more properly an attribute ascribed to man, whom the philosopher therefore styled a sociable creature. He granted my argument, but said he meant it of all creatures besides man, or inferior to him. I answered, I could not

yet agree with his sentiment. I thought there were other creatures more sociable than horses; as, for instance, if by sociableness he meant an inclination to associate voluntarily with one another, the common saying would give it to the fowls of the ayr against the horses, for birds of a feather flock together more than horses; but if by sociableness he meant the associating of any creatures with man, which is the more critical acceptation of the word, man being the standard of society, then I thought a dog to be the most sociable creature, far before a horse, for the dog would run a long journey with the utmost alacrity for his master's sake, whereas one horse went the more cheerfully for the other horse's sake, not for the sake of his rider, unless he felt the whip or spur. Besides, the wisdom of all nations gives the priority to the dog in the very names whereby they are called in the several languages; for why do the English call this creature a dog, but from his sociable temper of dogging his master,

or following him whithersoever he goes, or hunting him out by his foot, till he hath found him? and why did the Latins give him the name *canis*, but *à canendo*, from singing, because the dog will sing, and pipe, and dance for his master, as begging to go out with him, or in a way of joy and rejoicing when his master comes home. But will a horse do thus? Again, wherefore did the wisdom of the Greeks affix the name of κυων (which signifies loving) to this creature, but because of his loving nature to his master; for what creature expresses so much love to man as the dog does? None will say the horse does. Once more, nothing can more show the sense of judicious Hebrews upon this subject than the name כֶּלֶב, which they give a dog, which signifies כֶּלֶב, as the heart, importing that a dog is as true to his master as his own heart. His love is such as would make him creep, if he could, into his master's heart; his faithfulness is such to his master's goods and interests, that he will rather lose his own life than see

his master's person or goods violated by ruffians or robbers. How full is history of the fidelity of a dog to his master, whether living or dead! How often have dogs pursued the murderers of their masters till they have brought them to the gallows, as the Isle of Dogs, in the river Thames, testifies in the origin of that name, which was this: A gentleman, having a charge of money with him, and going down the river in a pair of oars, was murdered by the watermen, and cast upon, or buried, in that island. But his dog (unobserved by the rogues) lay by his master continually, till hunger urged him to swim over the river to Greenwich, where he ranged from house to house to get some food, which, when he had got, he swam back to the isle, still lying by his master, till hunger drove him over a second time to Greenwich about dinner time, and so from day to day until he came to be taken notice of by some of the inhabitants, who inquired one of another whose dog he should be

that thus daily came over the river, and as soon as he had picked up a dinner crossed the river again. At length they resolved to follow him in a boat, which the dog seeing, seemed to rejoice, and with joy conducted them to the place where his dead master lay. These upon deliberation with the rest of their townsmen, conjecturing it might be some Londoner murdered by watermen and cast there, resolved to go and take the dog with them, if possibly he might find out the murderers; accordingly, landing at the first stairs at Blackwall, they walked along, the dog still running before them, and hunting about every stairs and dock, till it came to Queenhith, and there the dog seized on a man, whom they carried before a justice of peace, declaring the whole matter as related. The man, confounded with the evidence, confessed the fact, discovered his accomplice, and they both received the reward of their wickedness. Now can any thing of this nature be said of horses? What com-

pare, therefore, between one and the other. This discourse ending, the gentleman began to ask many questions, not much agreeable to my humour. To which I answered as I pleased. The following dialogue ensued.

" *Question.* What's your name?

" *Answer.* Josiah C ——.

" *Q.* Where live you?

" *A.* In London.

" *Q.* What part of London?

" *A.* At the back of the Exchange.

" *Q.* What trade are you?

" *A.* An opticarian.

" *Q.* An opticarian! What's that? I never heard of such a trade. I thought I had heard of all the trades in London, but of this I never heard: this is some hard name. What do you call it?

" *A.* An opticarian.

" *Q.* Pray what kind of wares do you trade in?

" *A.* In optics.

" *Q.* In optics! What are they? I never heard of such things in my life.

Pray what are these optics? What are they made of? Are they wood, or stone, or iron, or silver, or gold? Or what are they?

"*A.* They are such things as are conversant about the eye-sight,—to help that.

"*Q.* What, are you a spectacle-maker then? I know one Mr. ———, a spectacle-maker behind the Change. Do you belong to him?

"*A.* No — but I know him.

"Thus having run the discourse as far as it would bear, he began of his own accord to give me the whole history of himself. His name was R—— F——, born at S——, in Warwickshire; thence he was translated to Bristol, and served a merchand, and there merchandized, till going to the Levant, he was taken by a Tripoline rover, and sold for a slave. He narrated all the hard service of his long slavery; how he was ransomed, and had lately arrived in England, and was now on his way to Bristol, to visit his relations. This was our entertain-

ment for the rest of the day, till we came to take up our lodgings at Marlborrow, where, after we had supped together, and been entertained with the foolish buffoonery of a certain impudent fellow called the blacksmith of Marlborrow, for whom he had sent, little to my liking, we retired to our several chambers. But in the morning the gentleman came to my chamber, and with a concerned countenance opened upon me in an earnest remonstrance to this effect: 'Sir, you have played the mute with me. I never travelled a day with any man in my life but I knew who he was, but as for you, after so long a time, I know no more of you than if I had never seen you. You have told me something of an hard-named trade you are of; the best I can make of it is something of a spectacle-maker, — but all that is but a banter; for your conversation does not savour of such a mean trade; for what spectacle-maker could talk in the way you do? In short, I protest I'll not stir

one step further with you unless you will explain yourself as openly to me as I I have done myself to you.' To which I replied, 'Sir, be not offended. You were pleased to explain yourself to me of your own accord, without my asking; and it may be I might have done so too, had I been left unto myself. But, instead of that, you began very early to catechise me with innumerable questions about my person, trade, abode, and such matters, which I thought myself not obliged to give account of but when and where I saw meet; esteeming it as no point of courtesy to ask questions, and so no breach of it to evade them either by silence or subtilty, where there was no obligation to a direct answer. And though some of my answers have been such as you do not comprehend, yet there is nothing but truth in them, if rightly apprehended. And as regarded my trade, I gave it you under a fictitious name, as it came then into my head, telling you I was an opticarian,

which I explained, one dealing in optics, or conversant about the eye-sight to help it. Now, Sir, your eye-sight is two-fold, corporeal and mental; or that of the body and that of the mind. You took it in the former sense, and therefore interpreted my trade, that of a spectacle maker; but I meant it in the latter, of the eyes of the mind, which are more noble: and my business in the world is to help this kind of eye-sight, and in order thereunto, I teach a Latin school in Broad-Street, at the back of the Royal Exchange in London. I therefore styled myself an opticarian, or one dealing in mental optics for helping the eyes of young scholars' minds. And thus, Sir, you have a plain and full account of my person and circumstances, and may, if you please, travel with me without any danger, and I shall be glad of your good company.' "

From the Diary of this simple-hearted scholar, I could transcribe you many other matters equally amusing; and

though they do not exhibit persons of consequence equal to those talked about by Pepys, yet the salt of the gossip is in my opinion quite as attic as that of his courtly contemporary. All that I have further to say is, that among the papers of this nonconformist divine, I met with the materials for the following tale; and it may be inferred from the minuteness, (equal to that of the foregoing anecdotes) with which he had treasured up his recollections of those events which I have endeavoured to embody, that he was in some way an actor in the drama; or at least that he resided near the scene of it. He was chaplain to Sir Thomas Barnardiston about the time of the Revolution, and it is probable that that gentleman might have a seat in or near to North Wales, where Mr. C—— was brought into juxta-position with the contending factions.

In preparing this work for the press, my chief task has been to connect the isolated entries of the diary, so as to

form one unbroken chain of history. The journalist was fond of dialogue, as you will perceive from the extracts, and I have made few alterations, except, perhaps, some little in the spelling. In my office of godfather to the work, I have given it the name of one of the leading personages: this, I believe, is all the duty that at this day is required from sponsors. I might proceed to dilate upon its orthodoxy, but the world, before giving it confirmation, will doubtless look narrowly after the creed of my catechumen.

In the hope, that you will derive some amusement from the perusal of the following sheets,

I have the pleasure of subscribing myself,

My dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

LEE GIBBONS.

May, 1827.

OWAIN GOCH.

CHAPTER I.

" Would all keep justice line,
In Westminster, there would be soon less throng,
Less work, less wrack, less words for mine and thine."
Memorials of Mortality.

On that part of the Welsh coast which trends away eastwardly from the Straits of Menai to the estuary of the Dee, a small but deeply indented bay, called by the natives Craig y Porth, or the Rocky Haven, is protected from the fury of the winds by two promontories, one of which, named the Woodhead (from its summit being crowned with trees), is of considerable elevation. The other, of less height, juts out further from the land, and opposes a wall of perpen-

dicular rock to the aggression of the sea, which at high tide boils and foams against its base with frightful force and uproar. Within the bay, the water in the fiercest storms is still, and presents a happy contrast to the turbulence and rage of the waves which beat upon the horns of the bay. The land rises steeply from the beach, so that, although when the tide is flowing the bases of the headlands are in deep water, the inner shore is usually dry for the space of at least fifty yards from the amphitheatre of rock and woodland which bounds the bay on its southern side.

On the beach, at the period of our history, stood a small cabin, which, from its situation, had acquired the title of Plas y Traeth, that is, the House on the Sands. Its only communication with the country was by means of a rough and narrow road, which, winding along the base of the woodhead, went out at the top of the hill, beneath an over-arching canopy of ancient trees. The cottage

was protected from the sea by a bulwark of rude stone, which seemed to be carried up and pierced with loop-holes, so as to answer a purpose of defence against other foes than the watery element; and the whole appearance of the place gave it the character of the residence of one of those lawless personages, who, pursuing ostensibly the trade of the fisher, were by turns offenders against the revenue, and plunderers of the wreck.

It was the disgrace of this coast, until later years, that the chief means of the subsistence of its inhabitants arose from the miseries and ruin of their fellow creatures. No sooner did a storm arise, and threaten shipwreck to the adventurous bark, than the country turned out its ruffians, and the hill tops were covered with robbers, who prayed with more than Mosaic fervour for the destruction of the unoffending mariner; and when the ship lay struggling in the tide, they marched down to the shore, and, without respect for the law of jetsam, flotsam and ligan,

made ready to pounce upon whatever they could make prize of. There is a tale current, that when a storm once arose at night, and signal guns of distress were seen to flash through the darkness, the ferocious coasters, eager for plunder, extinguished the beacon, which in the old time supplied the place of a light-house, and heard with fiendish delight the cries of the sailors as their barks struck upon the rocks.

It was on the shore of this bay, in an autumnal afternoon, that two men appeared engaged in conversation. One of them, a tall, thin personage, whose appearance denoted that he was advanced somewhat into the vale of years, had a sharp, stern, overbearing countenance, lighted up by an eye which scowled beneath the cavern of his brow like a tiger watching from its den the passage of the traveller. He was richly, not to say ostentatiously, dressed, and his demeanour towards his companion, though occasionally familiar, frequently

became lofty and domineering. His attendant, a coarse looking and ill favoured man, was of middle age, and seemed, from an ink-horn attached to his button-hole, to bear the office of intendant or bailiff to his haughty companion.

The gentleman, as he paced leisurely along the shore, frequently elevated his cane, and pointed towards the cottage; and at length advanced to the door, and knocked, but received no answer.

"This is ever the way!" he exclaimed with considerable anger; "Show these beggars a spice of lenity and they will presently kick up their heels at you. This fellow, Watch, Patch, what d'ye call him?"

"Watch," replied his satellite.

"He hath been here a full year, a twelve-month past," continued his master, "and hath paid nothing of rent, as if the cabin were his own inheritance. See thou dost levy on his chattels, if the

scoundrel have any. The charge will teach him more of celerity in his future reckonings."

His attendant bowed.

"Besides," pursued the gentleman, "I have had notice of his connection with the runners of the coast; and that he durst play the rogue beneath my eye, is an act of defiance that I cannot brook."

"And the better reason," said the bailiff, rather shrewdly, "as he has not made your worship his friend; to say nothing of myself, that he cares no more about than the dolphin for the sprat that swims at his tail."

"See thou levy on him quickly," continued his master, with a fierce scowl, "and spare him not; and if the felon answer not with his gear, let process be issued out of the manor court; we will find him a lodging in the Twr Vawr."

"I heartily commend your honour's wisdom;" said the bailiff, with some

hesitation; "but what will the people say?"

"That I am an oppressor," replied the gentleman, with great anger. "They will repeat that which they have said over and over again for the last twenty years; a string of stale reproaches that I mind not any more than the spray of the tide."

"But they have done more than speak," said his intendant, timidly. "What was the game when your honour committed the widow Ogwen's son, Owen Drwndwn, that is to say, Owen with the broken-nose, when the keeper Evans found him night-poaching on the Hwylfar Ceirw?"

"The villain shot at me when I had humanely decreed his liberation," replied the superior. "Had he not fled the country, that deed should have sealed his fate."

"Yea," continued the man, "but did not your honour learn that the widow went to Cyff Elian and offered you as

her foe. She knelt on her bare knees before the altar of the holy saint, and told him money for the granting of her curse; and there did she curse ye bitterly."

"Ideot!" cried the gentleman, with an impatient frown, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal beneath an affectation of contempt. "Hast thou not yet forgot that idle story?"

"Forgot it!" cried the bailiff, "marry, the time will be long before the whole country forgets it. Did she not pray your honour might be childless; and sure enough, though twelve long years have passed away, you are yet no father."

"Villain, thou dost murder me!" cried his master, striking him violently. "Cursed for ever may the witch be for her sorceries."

He walked forward with great haste, and appeared to be under the influence of unconquerable emotion, whilst the involuntary offender stood his ground, awaiting patiently the period of his

master's frenzy, and endeavouring in the meanwhile to stammer out an apology.

"Cursed is she, no doubt, your worship, for she fell down the Tull Du as she went homeward, and broke her neck. That should even be comfortable to your honour; and for the fear of your honour no one durst bury her in Christian ground, — as the witch deserved; and then your worship seized upon her house-stuff, and the lad took to the mountains with Owain Goch, so that in all your honour was pretty well revenged."

"But her son lives whilst I am childless," said the gentleman, gazing on the ground in deep meditation.

"Bless me!" said the bailiff, "as your worship is so fond of children, why did you send Master Edward away? He was a fine spirited lad as any in Wales. Had he stayed at Plas-mawr, he'd been living now."

His Master lifted up his eyes, and with a look of scorn turned upon his heel; but the man pursued the thread of his consolation.

"Neither would the Lady Elain have sorrowed and buried herself in melancholy as she does now; on my conscience it was pity."

"Scoundrel," said his superior, "I thought the blow I but now gave thee would have taught thee better than to meddle with my private affairs. It is the curse of great men who need the services of such rogues as thou art that they must in some measure abide their impertinence; but see thou goest not too far; thou hast moved me fearfully once, mention not the name of Edward Pendarvis again."

The tone in which this caution was given was sufficient to put a check upon the familiarity of the dependant, who signified his obedience by a low and timid obeisance. His master then led the way towards the winding path, which

ascended the hill; and we shall there leave him, to give a summary account of his birth, parentage, and education; and also of the circumstances in which he stood.

Sir Jorwerth (or Edward) Pendarvis of Plas-Mawr, had acted the part of a stout and staunch cavalier in the great rebellion, had had his estates sequestrated by the parliament, and undergone all the vicissitudes to which the gentlemen of the royal party became subject upon the elevation of their adversaries. He had accompanied Charles the Second to the Continent, returned with him at the Restoration, and, unlike many of his friends, was not left to charge the king with ingratitude, but had his lands restored, on repayment of the trifling sum given for them by the purchasers, in much better condition than they were at the time of their sequestration. Until his death, which happened in a few years after the king's return, the worthy knight had maintained the boisterous

hospitality of his house; and departed with the reputation of as honest a man, and as bountiful a landlord as any in the principality. Having married late in life, he left behind him a young widow and one child, the Edward Pendarvis mentioned by the bailiff, whose guardianship he committed to the joint care of his wife, the Lady Elain, and a near kinsman, Watkin Pendarvis, who having been bred to the law, and practised as a barrister, he considered a person well informed of the duty of such an office. Watkin Pendarvis, a man of calculation and intrigue, was, at the time of his kinsman's death, aged about forty years, and to a handsome person, joined the most artful and insinuating manners. By nature he was proud, insolent, and revengeful; but being well skilled in the paces of the world, he wore the vizard of whatever character he wished to assume with histrionic perfection. Though a man of acknowledged talent in his profession, he obtained little practice; and was conse-

quently higher in his desires of the pleasures and luxuries of life, than his own private fortune, which was scanty, could gratify him withal; and it was, therefore, with an eye of cupidity that he looked upon the widow of his relation, and with a craving heart that he learned the extent of her jointure. The Lady Elain Pendarvis was, indeed, a mourner of no extravagant mark, nor did her simulation of grief bear any extended duration. Her husband, whose years more than doubled her own, had married her merely for the sake of having an heir to his estate, and was by no means a man of that imaginative class calculated to raise the plant of love in the hot-house of a fair lady's breast. Before the birth of his son, his chief favourites were (as they are of all country gentlemen) his horses, his hawks, and dogs; and when the young Edward made his appearance in this breathing world, he did not engross the whole of his father's affection, but divided it with the former ob-

jects of his bounty. It is, therefore, no subject of admiration, that Lady Elain's heart was so vacant as to admit of a new impression without difficulty, nor is it matter of greater wonder that she should be so far captivated by the assiduities of Watkin Pendarvis, as to bestow herself and her income upon him within twelve months after the decease of her first husband.

The policy of Watkin Pendarvis in marrying the widow of his kinsman, at first extended no farther than the means of obtaining for himself a respectable establishment in the world; but he soon began to consider that, although Lady Elain at present enjoyed good health, the lives of all are precarious, and that her jointure would sink into the estate at her decease, for the benefit of her infant son. To obviate his being again reduced to his own scanty income, in case of his surviving his wife, he resolved to economize, a task of no difficulty to him; for want had taught him prudence, and prudence had begotten avarice. He

cared nothing about the preservation of a reputable countenance among his neighbours, and denounced the hospitality of the late Sir Jorwerth as wasteful and extravagant. He was no sportsman. Horses (except a half-bred nag for his own riding, a pair of old coach-horses which belonged to the late lord, and which, had they been sold, would have produced but little money, and a few kept for agricultural purposes), he had none; the mew of the hawks was desolate, and the dog-kennel without an inhabitant. The poor, who in Sir Jorwerth's time were accustomed to attend the buttery-hatch for a daily allowance, were now scared from the gate by a huge mastiff, which sentinelled the place with never-ceasing bark. By this system of political economy Watkin Pendarvis soon earned the contempt of his equals, and the ill-restrained curses of the poor. The neighbouring gentry, although careful of openly insulting a man whose audacity and courage were reputed high, betrayed

their dislike of him by avoiding his acquaintance; except at sessions of the magistrates, or some other public meeting, he was never seen; and in those assemblies, the fierce moroseness of his temper, and the caustic severity of his language, the contempt with which he heard the opinions of the frank and unlettered sportsmen of the country, and the reckless disdain with which he exposed their judicial errors, showed that he well understood their sense of his character, and that he resolved to set their enmity at defiance. A demagogue among his equals, Pendarvis was an utter tyrant over the lower classes. He not only refused to contribute any thing to their necessities, but would have robbed them of the evidences of their wretchedness. In pecuniary transactions with his cottage tenantry, he ground them to powder, and his name at length became a synonym for that of the evil spirit. The very consciousness of wickedness seemed to accelerate the march of evil

in the mind of Pendarvis, as the "*mens conscia recti*" is said to have a support in its intrinsic worth.

Such was the character, as developed within a year after his marriage, which the subtile genius of the lawyer could not conceal from the prompt estimation of the world. Several years passed away without any thing material occurring to alter the situation of Watkin Pendarvis, or of his family. Edward, the son of Sir Jorwerth, grew in stature, and in the love of his mother, who, at present, showed no symptoms of adding to her family; but as the innocent youth, upon his attainment of manhood, would take upon himself the care of his own concerns, by which the income of his guardian would be considerably reduced, the eyes of that bad man were never turned upon him with complacency or affection. The natural severity of Watkin Pendarvis assumed towards his stepson a tyrannical harshness which it was difficult for his young mind to sustain,

and which made the love of his mother his only solace in the house of his fathers. Abroad Edward was an universal favourite. With the wealthy, his modesty, his frankness, and even at the age of ten or twelve years, his ripening gentility and suavity of manners, won him great esteem, whilst with the poor, his humility and boundless generosity gained him all hearts; and the ancients of the neighbourhood looked to him for a renewal of those well remembered days when the bold Sir Jorwerth received all comers. But any indications of the popular favour with which he was regarded never failed to raise the ire of his malignant kinsman to the height of fury. The kindness of strangers was a tacit but most keen reproach of his unfeeling conduct; and yet, instead of guiding him to reflect upon his barbarity, and to change his demeanour, it served to increase the severity of the youth's thraldom. Under these circumstances the boy began to feel that domestic tyranny was

scarcely compensated for by maternal affection or public estimation, and he readily acquiesced in a plan of his guardian for placing him at a distant public seminary. The place was for some time undetermined; but at length Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, induced by secret reasons of policy, persuaded Lady Elain to consent to his being sent to St. Omer's, under the pretext of giving him a foreign education. The boy was accompanied from Plas-Mawr to a considerable distance by the poor tenantry, who mixed their tears for his departure with prayers for his happiness and speedy return. How long he continued at St. Omer's we have no means of informing our readers, but his guardian received information from the principal of the college, that Edward Pendarvis, in company with a few other youths of like indiscretion, had withdrawn themselves, and, as he supposed, joined the army of Louis le Grand. This piece of news, which was almost a death-

blow to the Lady Elain, was received with secret joy and satisfaction by her husband, who, on the failure of Edward Pendarvis, beheld his mother the ultimate devisee of Sir Jorwerth's large property, which, as a matter of course, so powerful a sway did he possess over the mind of his wife, would fall to his own acquisition. The wicked dreams of a deadly and inhuman ambition now passed over his mind, at present indeed a chaos, but not too irregular for his deep and designing head to reduce to order. He had hitherto sighed after the possession of the Pendarvis estates, without having devised any precise method by which they might be acquired. Now, the prince of the power of the air had chalked him out a starting path, and he resolved to pursue it at all hazards. He could not refuse to ease the agony of his wife by instituting, or pretending to institute, an enquiry after the run-away. He wrote to friends, to the English ambassador at the French

court, to the principal of St. Omer's; he offered rewards for the youth's apprehension; he did all these things with an appearance of the greatest anxiety; but, as our readers will have surmised, they were ineffectual; Edward Pendarvis had taken his course.

It would be useless for us to dwell upon the days, nay, the years of anguish which this event occasioned to the Lady Elain. The lovely and high-spirited wife of Pendarvis abandoning herself to despair, sank into a nervous and timid hypochondriac, deaf to every feeling but that of her heavy and irremediable loss. Casting away her former splendid and haughty attire, she assumed a sable and mourning habit, which not even the command of her husband could prevail on her to lay aside. Seldom did she leave her closet, and never could she be tempted out when the sun shone, and the cheerfulness of nature contrasted with the heaviness of her heart. At the close of a dark and melancholy day, or

when a dim and uncertain moonlight bore a semblance of her condition, she was seen to pace with unequal steps the terrace in front of Plas-Mawr, to haunt the courts and the orchards where her darling was wont to play, and sometimes to seek the margin of a serpentine stream which ran through the grounds, — a favourite resort of the young Edward. Thus gratified in her bent of sorrow, the mind of the Lady Elain partially sank under the weight of its oppression, and, unless roused by something out of the usual course of her diurnal occupations, she appeared childish and irrational.

Time had not mellowed her grief when the last of the Stuarts, that weak and unfortunate prince, abdicated the throne of his fathers. Watkin Pendarvis, who in the reign of Charles had been of the court party, had sufficient political foresight to observe, with many others, the rapid downfall of his successor; and although he did not absolutely side

against the Stuart faction, whilst James kept possession of the throne, or, to use a vulgar adage, he did not thrust out his arm so far as that he could not draw it back again; yet he preserved a countenance so unmeaning, as easily to incline it to the fashion of the victorious party. And he no sooner observed the course which affairs took, than he at once renounced his allegiance to the unfortunate James, and put himself forth as the partizan of the Prince of Orange. By this step, in which he was guided by his superior knowledge of political matters, and of the feelings of the nation at large, he gained, with the rising party, an ascendancy over the gentlemen of his neighbourhood, who, being inexpert in political faction, were either more cautious, or more inclined to the cause of the abdicated sovereign. Of this ascendancy he did not fail to avail himself, not only in enhancing his consequence, but in satisfying that unconquerable love of dominion and tyranny which seemed

to increase with his years. His office of magistrate afforded him no little facility in the gratification of his spleen. Any person, gentle or simple, whom he suspected of Jacobitism, or against whom an information was laid before him, was obliged to purchase his repose by the most profound submission, or, as it was whispered, by payments more substantial. And in this system of alarm and peculation, he was eminently assisted by the person our readers have already seen in his company, a fellow who, to the duties of manorial bailiff, added that of justice-clerk; for in those days it was common for a magistrate to constitute one of his own domestics his clerk, instead of supplying the office in the more reputable manner of the present day, out of the ranks of the profession. Evan Apsly, or Evan Ap-sly, as he was vulgarly called, was not in many respects such a character as Watkin Pendarvis could have wished for the inferior agent of his schemes. He was furnished indeed with

abundance of low cunning, and could carry the vilest purpose in the world within his breast with the most fair and sanctified exterior: he could lie, pimp, steal, in short, be guilty, with a good grace, of any wickedness which did not implicate his powers of manhood; but the bailiff could not fight; he was neither a fist nor a tongue warrior. Let the wrath of man arise, and Evan was off like a shot: and if a woman or a boy in his teens had glared on Evan with an angry eye, the very powers of his soul were put into abeyance. Another vice in the clerico-bailiff was superstition, superstition such as was fostered amid the wild hills and misty streams of his native country. He was a firm believer of all the old Gomerian legends; not a hill, not a cataract, a ruin, a lake, or a river, was without its tale of horror in the archives of his memory. He could not look towards Cader Idris but he was ready to fancy he descried the giant leaping from his chair. He never beheld Dinas Emrys

but he quaked with fear lest he should see the white and red dragons found there, according to the prediction of the wizard Merlin; and even in passing the long remembered grave of Llewelyn's hound he carried his head erect, fearful that he might encounter the form of the faithful Gêlert. The curses of a female caused him infinite disquietude; but if the wrinkles of age gave her any thing of a witch-like appearance, her imprecations made his teeth chatter like Harry Gill's; and he had been known to make an offer of the resignation of his office of bailiff rather than execute a distress in the house of the widow Ogwen, whom we have before mentioned. The man, indeed, though eminently knavish and dishonest, was by no means destitute of feeling. His office and his connection with the iron-hearted Pendarvis had not entirely subdued a certain milkiness of disposition, which, had his situation in life been other than it was, might probably have made him comparatively an

estimable man. A mind of this conformation our readers will perceive was but ill adapted to perform the executive part of Watkin Pendarvis's policy, and accordingly that politician made use of his services in the way of espionage and secret information, whilst he laid upon other instruments of a more flinty nature those burdens which the fearful spirit of Apsly rejected. In the way of sly and concealed denunciation, Apsly was an eminent informer, whilst, acting as his master's clerk, he appeared to be merely engaged in the duty of his office; nor did his tenderness of disposition extend to that pecuniary kind of oppression of which the opportunity was afforded him by his situation. Gratuities he would accept with an eager hand, and he was not only at all times ready to dispose of his good countenance to the highest bidder, like Signior Gil Blas, with little regard to the justice of the case; but in charges of felony and high misdemeanours he would, for an adequate

consideration, so represent the evidence, of which, in defiance of law, his master devolved upon him the examination, as to induce either conviction or acquittal by his worship the Justice. By these means Apsly had got together some money, had built a house in the village of Llancoch, where he commonly resided, although his several vocations frequently required his presence at the Hall, and where, by the favour of his master, he kept a private post-office, a trade which was not prohibited until the statute of Anne. This latter business afforded the Justice's clerk, or Lawyer Ap-sly, as he was more commonly termed, an opportunity of gaining much important intelligence, which he did not fail to turn to a profitable though secret account.

Both master and man, our readers will scarcely doubt, came in for no small share of popular hatred, fear, and avoidance; but certainly the dread and dismay caused by the vices of Pendarvis as much exceeded the fear induced by the

treachery of Apsly, as his power, talent, and flinty disposition surpassed the tricksey but feeble spirit of his clerk.

Having initiated our readers into the foregone history of that personage who will serve as the fulcrum of our story, we shall now proceed to rejoin him.

CHAP. II.

" Safe station'd in a secret bay,
Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines,
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd."
MALLET.

WE left Watkin Pendarvis and his attendant in the act of ascending the hill above Plas y traeth ; and on attaining the height, where, as we have before remarked, the road disappeared amid an embowerment of trees, the lawyer turned upon his heel, and leisurely surveyed the expanse of waters before him, into which, as in a golden bed, the physical light of the world was sinking to rest. Like a hero, the refulgent orb set in fire ; and as he appeared gradually to sink below the waves, which were now agitated alone by the tide, a ruddy gleam was spread over the firmament, and threw every rock and tree into a powerful and enchanting relief. It was some time before this

magic colouring disappeared; and Pendarvis, though little accustomed to bestow much time upon sentimental reverie, lingered until the last beam of sunshine was withdrawn. He then drew his cloak around him, and was preparing to return homeward, when his attendant requested him to stop; and before he could enquire the reason of his entreaty, a boat, of a light and canoe-like build, was seen making her way round the western headland, close in with the shore. There were only two men in her, who, with a cautious oar, ran her up high on the beach, and jumped on shore. The curiosity of Pendarvis and his companion was now considerably excited, and they continued from a thicket beside the path to watch with eager eyes the motions of the boatmen. But it was not long before Apsly recognised in one of them the tenant of the cottage, and he communicated his discovery to his master, who instantly dispatched him towards the beach. He did not, however, make such haste but that his approach was

observed by the boatmen, one of whom walked away towards the western headland, as if purposely to avoid his scrutiny. The other, who with affected bustle hauled his nets ashore, awaited his approach with unconcern, and addressed him without ceremony.

"Harkee, Master Ap-sly! bear a hand: yon lazy lubber always walks the deck with clean hands."

"By the way, Master Watch," cried the bailiff, affording the service required, "let me counsel ye to be careful of your jokes, your Ap-slys, and so forth, when you are under the lash of the law."

"The lash of the devil, for your lawyers are no better!" cried the boatman, bending his dark visage upon the bailiff; "how am I under your lash?"

"Pr'ythee, man, be not angry — it's a quittance for your Ap-sly, nothing more," cried the timid clerk; "or, if any thing, a small arrear of rent, for which I have long had orders to distrain; but old acquaintance, Master Watch —"

The boatman interrupted him by drawing forth a leathern bag; and taking thence a gold coin, he put it in the hands of the bailiff.

"Write your acquittance, and let me have it, Lawyer Ap-sly," said Watch; "but another turn will serve; so you can turn out your toes and be off."

"Well, well, I'm in no hurry," replied Apsly: "I came down to have a little chat with you — to learn the news, and so forth. Marry, beshrew me, but you fishermen and lads o' the coast know more o' that's going on than you care to speak of."

"So we should, if the loud wind could tell a plain tale," said Watch.

"But have ye heard nothing of the brave King William?" said Apsly, "how he fares in his Irish wars?"

"Ay," replied the boatman bluntly, "that he's like to have his hands full."

"How, full?" said the bailiff: "do the rebels make any stand before his excel-

lent Majesty? — have they not melted, as it were, like butter in the sun?"

"No, lawyer," cried Watch; "your Irish are none such butter-hearted fellows."

"Indeed are they not," returned the bailiff, who thought he might get more information by accommodating himself to the surly humour of Watch, than by opposing it: "your Irishman is a blade of true metal — he will not warp; and you must use a mighty force to break him. It will be well if King William overshoot not his mark."

"We boarded a transport off Llandudno," said the fisherman, "and heard something about a body of soldiers marching by way of Llancoch to the Head — have ye seen them?"

"No," answered Apsly.

"Nor heard of their coming?"

"Nay, that is not direct; we have indeed been ordered to hold quarters in readiness for a company of King Wil-

liam's French troops; but they are to be fixed at Llancoch."

"At Llancoch! wherefore?"

"To keep the country for King William."

"Who should attempt to rise?" cried Watch.

"Many who now wear orange, and cry King William louder than thou or I. Who are they, dost think, that have set on that bloody-minded savage, Owain Goch, to spoil the country, and draw to him thieves and Jacobites?"

"Owain Goch a savage!" cried the boatman with a laugh: "speak with reverence of the descendant of Owain Glyndwr — he has the blood-royal of Wales in his veins, Master Bailly; and if he gets wind of your fine names, the Lord of Plas-mawr will not buckle you against his dagger."

The bailiff was a good deal alarmed at this intimation, and replied, "Some devil assists that marauder: folk say he was at

Hoylake when the great Duke Schomberg embarked for Ireland."

"Very like," answered Watch, who now seemed impatient to be rid of his companion; "but I have little time to spend in blarney, Master Bailly; and beside—"

"Nay, but tarry a few minutes," said Apsly: "what man is that with you?"

"What? yon lazy-backed lubber," cried Watch: "he's a fellow I picked up at sea, and for any good he's worth, you may take him and make a bailly's running footman of him; but I can't stay, Master Apsley."

"Tarry a minute," said the bailiff.

"Devil a minute will I tarry longer; and, beside, you'll scarce like to pass the Tull du yourself after dark: the widow Ogwen has her bed in the cleft."

"The dusk is coming on," said the bailiff; "but I shall reach Plas-mawr before dark."

"The wind is getting up," cried Watch: "we shall have a squall."

"I think no rain, or yon sky deceives me," returned Apsly.

"Owain Drwndwn is on the cruise to-night. I heard it from a man of the up-country that I met on the shore."

"What is Owain Drwndwn to me?" said the bailiff.

"Right; but his snaphance was once levelled at your lord," replied Watch; "and he might look at the livery and not the man."

The boatman's suggestion seemed to produce a sensible change in Apsly, who turned away, and, without speaking a word, bent his steps homeward with a hurried pace.

Watch eyed him for a short time with a leering eye, and then entered the cottage. The bailiff, on ascending the height where he had left his master, found him in the same situation, whence he had been a spectator of the scene below; and after they had proceeded a short distance on their return, Pendarvis asked his attendant some questions rela-

tive to his interview with the fisherman. The report of Owain Drwndwn being in the neighbourhood was, of course, not omitted by Apsly, who imagined, by the effect which it had upon himself, that this information would put his master into a high trot; but the bold and haughty soul of Pendarvis was merely roused into rage, which speedily subsided into a contemptuous indifference.

This little stir of the patrician's passions seemed, however, to induce a considerable portion of awe in the mind of his companion, for he hung behind, and ceased his loquacity.

They thus proceeded about half a mile, when the road, which had hitherto pursued a serpentine track amid the sand-hills on the shore, now shot into a narrow and rocky pass, darkly overshadowed with oak, elm, and other branchy trees, which, overhanging the cliffs on either side of the glen, produced a solemn and funeral gloom. This was the Tull du, or black cleft. The pathway, after following the

bottom of the pass for nearly a quarter of a mile, ran up its western side, and approached within half a score yards of a mountain cataract, which, in accordance with the name of the glen, as well as from the dark hue of its waters, was called Rhaiadr du, the black waterfall. The glen, the waterfall, and the scenery around, which was in the highest degree grand and picturesque, had for ages been the seats of superstitious excitement. Here, it was supposed by the ignorant and credulous rustics, was the Cylch Cyngrair, or Circle of Congress, in which anciently were held the Gorseddau, or meetings of the bards; here were the Carnedds, or tumuli, where rested the bones of bards whose minstrelsy had lent a fire to the courage of their warriors; and here were the Meini Gwyr, or Stones of the Heroes, a name consecrated to designate the tombs of the most gallant of the Cymry. Here, in the ancient times, had the disciples of the "sapientiæ magistri," as Tacitus calls the druids, assembled to

celebrate their orgies; and since then, the astrologers of an humbler class, the witches and wizards of the vulgar, had chosen this glen as a *sanctum sanctorum* of their mysteries. Our readers, therefore, aware that Master Apsly was well acquainted with all the lore of tradition, will easily conceive that he did not pass through this cleft or valley without a beating heart and a dazzled eye. He crept close to his master, forgetful of that ire which had lately urged him to a distance, and endeavoured, with the usual vanity of a fearful man, to encourage himself by humming a song. But he had scarcely begun, before he remembered that the song was a favourite one of that old crone, the widow Ogwen, who, in passing this glen by night, had fallen from a cliff and broke her neck. His tune was immediately hushed, and he peeped around through the dusk of the twilight, towards the high and rugged rock beneath which the mangled body of the ancient woman was found. Happily for him her sprite

was not then on guard; and a little assured by her absence, he pressed on more sturdily at the heels of his silent and thoughtful master. The road had taken a turn or double in the ascent of the hill, to cut off the abruptness of the acclivity, and came forward again close to the side of an enormous rock of limestone, over which the water gushed into the abyss below. The rise here was pretty steep; and the pathway, unseparated by any fence from the profound gulf which received the cataract, was strait, rocky, and dangerous. Up this track, with caution equal to the danger, Pendarvis and his companion were clambering, when a loud halloo, in the native mountain dialect, arrested their steps and their attention. The lawyer and his satellite looked up, and beheld on the top of the rock, beside the margin of the cataract, where the waters shot down the gulf in one unbroken sheet, not, gentle readers, the ghost of the widow Ogwen, but a man of a robust and active figure,

clad in a cloak somewhat between the military and the rustical, who, like the spirit of the mountain, held forth his arm, and appeared to bar their progress. The fears of Apsly would have converted the figure into that of the unfortunate widow, but his master soon perceived it was her son. We have observed that Pendarvis was a man of courage; and it was, moreover, of that steady kind which is formed not by want of opposition and contempt of inferiors, but by collision with the high and haughty spirits of the world, — yet here it would be idle and untrue to say he felt no anxiety. The man who had before, in revenge of an injury fancied or received, attempted his life, now had him at his mercy, if, as the probability was, he were armed, and not only instigated, as in the former attempt, by his own personal wrongs alone, but whetted on to blood by the desire of avenging his mother. This argument soon demonstrated itself to the lawyer, and caused him for a moment to sicken with fear; but despair, which,

as the mighty Nelson said, made the worst of cowards brave, soon restored Pendarvis to a frame of active courage. He fiercely grasped a stout cane, the only weapon he bore, and advanced up the pass, followed by Apsly, whom fear had nigh sunk into the ground; but they had made few paces when Owain with the Broken Nose drew a long deer-gun from beneath his cloak, and levelled it at Pendarvis. The sight of the piece made the stout-hearted gentleman wink, but he still betrayed no fear: affecting to be ignorant of the mountaineer's person, he cried out, "Hollo, friend! wherefore bar ye the way?"

"Dim Sarsnig," cried the fierce Briton, still preserving the aim of his piece.

"Dim Cymràig," replied Pendarvis, "I am ignorant of Welsh. Apsly, speak to the man."

But the bailiff, overcome with dread, could not articulate a single word.

"What!" cried the mountaineer; "a Welshman, and cannot speak Welsh.

What man is hur that on the mountains of Wales can speak but with a Saxon tongue. Hur is hardy to use the tongue of her foes in the bowels of her strength."

"I am —" stammered the lawyer.

"Watkin Pendarvis," cried Drwndwn, fiercely; "I know hur well; there's not another gentleman in Wales that is not proud of hur language. Watkin Pendarvis, the son of Ogwen knows hur well, for hur has cause. Tyrant, robber, hard man to the poor, hur did scape my shot erewhile, but now —"

"I fear thee not," answered Pendarvis, resolutely; "but yet, if thou wilt forego thy revenge, I will make thee satisfaction."

"Satisfaction! for what?" shouted the mountaineer. "For clapping hur up in prison? Yea, and hur would accept it; but what amends will hur make for the widow's broken heart—for hur life of sorrow, and death of blood? Answer, Watkin Pendarvis, what amends?"

"You wrong me, Owain," said Pendarvis, calmly, and with a wiliness peculiarly legal. "Your committal, as I will show you, time fitting, was not at my instigation, for the country knows I am a naught sportsman. For any opposition of mine, shoot at thine ease the prime game of the principality: I will not let thee, on mine honour. From this conviction," he pursued more briskly, observing that Drwndwn was about to interrupt him, "all the after circumstances have arisen;—that unfortunate shot, your worthy mother's sorrow and death, and your flight, which, as heaven may help me, I bitterly deplore."

The mountaineer groaned, but sank his gun, at which indication of peace the trembling bailiff raised his head. "Good Owain," said Apsly, "be satisfied, his worship is not to blame; and if to a man of broken substance a good heavy purse will be worth having, doubtless his worship—"

Pendarvis took the hint, and drawing out his purse, which was better stored than that of the monk robbed by Gil Blas, he held it out to the mountaineer, who immediately descended from the rock, and clutched the money in his hand.

"Go in peace," said Drwndwn; "for time to come hur will forget the past. Watkin Pendarvis, hur is safe from Owain's revenge. With this money hur will make an offering on the grave of hur mother. But let hur counsel ye, wring not the poor; the times are wild; the poor man cannot command *law*, but hur can take justice for hurself."

He pointed to his gun, and with a smile, which betokened as much contempt as satisfaction, darted down the path, and disappeared in the glen.

The fallen-crested lawyer and his attendant hastened out of the valley, and, threading a wood, through which, upon the banks of the stream, the footpath ran, they emerged into an open road. This

was the highway to the small town of Llancoch; but, instead of pursuing it, Pendarvis and the bailiff turned off into a private way, which led to the mansion of Plas-mawr. They soon arrived at the lodge, and passing through a pair of immense gates, upon the pillars of which reposed two griffin-like figures, the cognisance of the house of Pendarvis, they entered an avenue of stately trees, oak, elm, and Spanish chesnut, which here grew to an enormous size, and, by their bulk and aged appearance, bore testimony to the family antiquity. In a short time they reached the mansion, which, for the benefit of our readers, we will endeavour to describe. It was a house becoming the pride of an ancient Welsh family, bearing all the marks of an aristocratical architecture. Situate on a rising ground on the eastern bank of a small river, Plas-mawr was surrounded by trees similar to those which formed the avenue. The house was built of large square blocks of granite, in the form of a quadrangle, and

inclosing a court of considerable dimensions. Narrow windows, with the pointed Gothic arch, and secured with iron stanchions, were general throughout the building; but a few, of a wider and more light construction, which appeared in the lower rooms of that part of the quadrangle in which were the best apartments, declared that the modern occupants were tired of those dark and prison-like apertures which had satisfied the old knights of Plas-mawr. In front of the house was a long terrace, gravelled, balustraded, and ornamented with leaden statues, which, at this time, were fashionable in England. The terrace communicated with the court by means of an ancient barbican, or gate-house, which was defended by an iron grating, and which lent the mansion an air of defence and security. The grounds of Plas-mawr were very extensive, and contained all those kinds of scenery which both astonish and delight. Rocks, rough and bare, beetled over the swelling slopes and verdant lawns, which were thickly

planted with the proudest trees of the forest. The river we have already mentioned meandered in serpentine sweeps through the park of Plas-mawr, here exposing its silver waves in the open meads, in another place penetrating the recesses of the woods, and shrinking, with nymph-like coyness, from the gaze of the traveller. Sometimes it rolled along between walls of rock, whose compression gave depth to its bed and silence to its course: a little further, and the water-course, expanding its surface, suffered the stream to brawl over the stones with harmless impetuosity. The park, which on the southern and western sides was open to the mountains for a considerable space, was well stocked with red and fallow deer, as well as with all kinds of other game; so as to render the estate (in the language of Garraway's) a most desirable residence for a sporting gentleman; and, indeed, often during the life of Sir Jorwerth, had hill and valley rung with the note of hound and horn. So passionately fond

was the old cavalier of this his merry disport, that the tenantry asserted he still continued his wonted exercise, that the ponderous and marble jaws of the grave had not been heavy enough to detain the Knight within his prison-house; but that, mounted on his roan gelding, a noted rusher (as sporting men term headstrong horses) in his living days, and at the tail of his large fox-hounds, Sir Jorwerth Pendarvis still led the field.

It was as dark as a fine autumnal night usually is, when Watkin Pendarvis and his attendant reached the mansion, which they found in an unusual bustle. The hall, which was seldom used by the family, was lighted up, and several officers of an infantry regiment, seated around the fire, were enjoying themselves with great satisfaction. One of superior rank, rising from his chair at the entrance of Pendarvis, addressed him in terms of high-flown courtesy, and gave him to understand that they belonged to the regiment of Monsieur Cambon, then on service

under King William, in Ireland; that they had received orders, whilst stationed at Chester, to advance on their route towards Holyhead, and to station themselves in the neighbourhood of the sea-coast until they received further commands for embarkation. He also stated, that a part of his company had proceeded to Caernarvon, whilst the remainder, under his immediate command, were quartered at Llancoch. "Monsieur," continued the Captain, for such was his rank, "je suis Mons. le Capitaine Coquincourt, à votre service: this gentilhomme is my Lieutenant Ribaudier; and this my Ensign Du Puy."

"Monsieur Captain, and Messieurs Ribaudier and Du Puy," replied Pendarvis, with proper etiquette, "you are welcome to Plas-mawr. I am much grieved that a necessary absence should have prevented me from receiving you on your arrival. I fear you have lacked a proper entertainment; but the ill health of my wife must plead our apology."

"Monsieur!" cried the captain, with great vivacity, "you are very polite. The life of the soldat is la chose de hazard; the game of chance: he is often called to bear privation. But here, Monsieur, we are in riches: we have good beef, good mutton, and very good vin: à la santé du Monsieur."

The other officers, with familiarity equal to their captain's, likewise pledged the lord of the mansion, who with no little gravity returned the compliment. Having reseated themselves, they soon gave a loose to that vivacious, free, and licentious spirit which characterises the military of a mercenary corps. Coquincourt, the captain, was a short, thin, middle aged, and active man, whose mercurial temperament allowed little rest to his body. A heavy dozy Englishman might have envied the alertness, the never-failing alacrity, of the French captain. He was not deficient in a knowledge of letters or of the world, but the first served only to make him vain,

flippant, and pragmatical, and the latter frothy and foppish, — a slave to form, and a rebel to morality. He, nevertheless, was a more estimable character than his lieutenant, Ribaudier, who, to a savage and gigantic person, added the most brutal manners. The ensign, Du Puy, being the youngest, was the best of the three; but as he was very young, the probability was that his innocence would be corrupted by fellowship with his comrades.

"Monsieur," said the captain to Pendarvis, "you are here very well appointed, — a fine house, find grounds, and a quiet country. You enjoy yourself *en prince.*"

"Monsieur, il est marié," said Ribaudier; "une petite maîtresse pour moi. La peste soit de l'homme that would be tied to von vife, unless you might change her avec la cravate. The best way, Monsieur, is to marry en militaire, sauter la hallebarde."

"At my time of life, gentlemen," answered Pendarvis, "a man finds one wife quite sufficient."

"And more than sufficient, Monsieur," said Du Puy, "if she be a mégère."

"Ha, pauvre diable!" cried Ribaudier, with a coarse laugh, "Du Puy est du bois dont on fait les flûtes, he would be what you English call hen-peck, his wife's lover will use him en maquereau."

"Peste!" muttered the ensign between his teeth, while his handsome countenance was darkened by a frown: "Ribaudier is ever in the camp-kitchen amid rogues and trulls. Celles-ci sont ses amis du sexe féminin."

"Messieurs! Bienseance!" said the captain, very gravely, then turning to Pendarvis, he pursued: "Your house, Monsieur, is as good as a family-tree, — it very well declares the remote age of your line. Par ma foi, it gives me marvellous delight to behold these an-

cient fabrics, which resemble those of my own country, la belle Bretagne."

"Was it not from Bretagne," said Ribaudier, "that this island was peopled?"

"Ha, non!" exclaimed Coquincourt, with learned impatience, "but la Bretagne from hence. How say you, Monsieur, is it not so? was not a tribe of Britons led into France by your great hero Cadwal — Cadwallader?—"

"Cadwallader, mort de ma vie, quel nom!" exclaimed Ribaudier; "c'est le nom d'un sauvage."

"Ribaudier!" said the captain, "pour la fois seconde, bienséance. Cadwallader was a brave prince, whose fate was to submit to the fortune de la guerre. If all tongues have not the melting softness, the harmonious tones of the French, yet all languages have beauties peculiar to themselves. You are skilled in the manège and the sword exercise; you are a respectable officer; let these content you, and leave history and language aux gens instruits."

"D'accord!" cried the lieutenant, "si les gens instruits will leave the manège, and sword exercise, and military tactique to us that they belong to."

"Ribaudier," continued the learned captain, without paying attention to the retort of his comrade, "you are a man of to-day. Your mind is ignorant of the past as of the future. Behold, comrade, behold the figure of that warrior at the top of the hall; look at the fashion of his armour, and tell me, if you can, the date of its fabrication."

He pointed to the figure of a knight in complete armour, which stood majestically at the top of the hall; but the French lieutenant was utterly at a loss to declare to what age the fashion of the steel was to be assigned. The captain regarded him with a smile of contempt, and proceeded:—"To me, comrade, and doubtless to Monsieur, these arms speak of Cresсy, of Poictiers, of Agincourt, and of battles less honourable to the English, when our gallant ancestors set an example

of chivalry to the envious and admiring world; an example which will never cease to fire the breasts of both nations to the glory of martial achievements. Monsieur, may I crave to know the name of the chevalier to whom this harness belonged?"

"To Sir Howel Pendarvis, usually called the Red Dragon of Pen-mawr," replied his host; "a knight whose renown was exceeded by that of few of the Black Prince's worthies."

The young ensign rose from his seat, and with instinctive awe of the steel which had defended the Cambrian hero in so many fights, approached and examined it from head to foot. He admired the ponderous lance which lifted its head aloft, and the huge double-handed sword, which was bound to the body of the figure. Against the walls, in various fantastic forms, were also arranged implements of ancient warfare; long-bows and cross-bows, pikes, maces, and battle-axes, divers kinds of fire-arms, from the

ancient petronel and caliver to the more modern snaphance and carbine. All these arms, which had done the work formerly, engaged the attention of the ensign, who, indeed, seemed glad to make use of his curiosity as an excuse for quitting the bottle. To do the captain justice, he appeared no more inclined to make progress in his libations than Du Puy ; but Ribaudier, who talked little, contrary to the genius of the French, limited his amusement to the discussion of the wine. He did occasionally throw out a sentence, but it was usually couched in such reprehensible terms as to call for the formal correction of his superior officer. A lively conversation ensued between Pendarvis and Coquincourt relative to the Revolution, and the progress of the King's arms in Ireland, wherein the French officer warmly eulogised the military genius of the renowned Duke Schomberg, who at this time commanded in chief in that kingdom. With the native assurance of a Frenchman he

chalked out a plan for the instant reduction of Ireland to the allegiance of King William, and avoiding or jumping over all the suggestions and objections which the lord of Plas-mawr opposed to his schemes, he concluded that no other means than those of his own conception could accomplish the submission of the disaffected country.

The ensign, Du Puy, who during the vehement debate had amused himself with the arrangements of the hall, now drew nigh to the table. He took a glass of wine, stirred the fire, and, shrugging his shoulders, remarked that the evenings were cold.

"This evening is so," replied Pendarvis, rising and going to a window. "Ha, how much changed is the aspect of the night. Hark, a storm is coming on, the wind is up."

"Oui, ma foi," cried Coquincourt, briskly: "our conversation must have been noisy enough, or we should have heard it before. What sayest thou,

Ribaudier! we are better in Monsieur's château than on the seas?"

"Oui," snored the lieutenant, whose head, dropped upon his breast, declared that he was desirous of dozing.

In a short time a tremendous pash of rain beat against the casements; the thunder muttered awfully; and the broad glare of the lightning striking through one of the windows which had been opened by Pendarvis threw the lights within the hall into temporary shade. The wind howled and whistled among the giant oaks and desert caves of the park; and the voice of many waters, rushing from the hills into the little river of Plas-mawr, murmured with a sad and sullen roar.

Whilst the storm yet raged, a loud ringing of the gate-bell, which could be heard by fits through the uproar of the elements, announced an untimely visitor; and, on enquiry, Pendarvis learned that the bailiff, Apsly, had sent word to the hall that a vessel (supposed to be a king's ship) was in distress off the shore of Llancoch.

CHAP. III.

" Wave high your torches on each crag and cliff;
Let many lights blaze on your battlements;
Shout to them in the pauses of the storm,
And tell them there is hope." MATURIN.

HAD the ship which now lay in peril of the seas been one of private adventure, she might have stooped her prow to the wave for any concern it would have occasioned the lord of Plas-mawr; but a king's ship was another thing; she was *selecta e profanis*, whose danger offered the opportunity of that sort of service which, without risk of any kind, might attract the notice and regard of the powers that were.

" One of His Majesty's vessels in danger of shipwreck!" exclaimed Pendarvis, with an agitated countenance. " Give me my cloak and hat — fly back to Llancoch — raise fires and beacons — man the boats — the poor fellows must not be

lost for want of some exertion. Say, I will be at the beach anon."

The servant speedily accoutred his master, who requesting the assistance and counsel of his guests, prepared to go to Llancoch. Coquincourt, whose bustling spirit was ever ready to engage in any kind of service, and Du Puy, whose gallantry was greedy of all occasions to signalise itself, threw on their cloaks and hats with great alacrity; but Ribaudier slowly dragged his over him, and cursed the ship and the storm with uncommon vehemence for summoning him at that hour from his quarters. A number of domestics were provided with lanterns; and these surrounding the gentry, afforded light sufficient to enable them to choose their path in the wet and muddy road; but notwithstanding this assistance they were fully half an hour in traversing the single mile between Plas-mawr and the village. The latter, when Pendarvis and his train arrived there, was in a tumult.

By the light which their lanterns spread around, they observed a motley assemblage of men, women, and children: seamen and fishermen in their blue jackets, peasants in their rustic dresses, and many of the soldiers of M. Coquincourt's troops in their red military cloaks, crowded the beach, regardless of the torrents which poured upon them, of the rattling thunder, or the forked flashes of lightning which ever and anon illuminated the sky. The noise was dreadful; for in endeavouring to make himself heard by his neighbour, each person was obliged to raise his voice to its highest pitch, so as to outscream the clamour of the wind; and the shrill and dissonant language of the mob, expressed in English, French, and, above all, in Welsh, could not have been exceeded by the uproar of Babel, or the cries of Pandemonium. Such a scene, indeed, but few of our readers can be acquainted with. The wind,—another sort of wind than that, gentle reader, which

we feel amid the plains and groves of England, — blew with such violence, that the people on the strand were forced to huddle together, and to cling to each other for support; whilst the spray and surf, as the huge curling billows broke upon the rocky shore, covered the multitude with the salt tide. In the offing, at the distance of perhaps two miles, could be seen at intervals, through the pitchy darkness, the lights of the vessel, which now, as she rode high upon the waves, shot dimly across the water; in a moment she dived into the hollows of the sea, and the light vanished like a meteor. Every minute, above the roar of the elements, could be heard the distinct and awful thunder of her guns; while sometimes, in a little intermission of clamour, a shriek, rendered feeble by distance, reached the shore.

"Messieurs," cried the young and humane ensign, "can nothing be done to assist the vessel?"

"No, master," cried a stout seaman, who stood next him: "she must ride out the gale, or founder."

"What, and we standing by to see it!" cried Du Puy: "is there no boat?

"A boat would not live a minute in that sea," replied the mariner; "her timbers would be staved by the first breaker."

"Friends," cried Pendarvis, with unusual condescension, "exert yourselves to save the vessel; rewards shall not be wanting to those who peril themselves in the cause of His Majesty and humanity."

"No help but that of God can save her," said a by-stander; "she is past the help of man."

"Mr. Lloyd," said Pendarvis, "for the love of heaven exert your influence over these savages. Something may be done."

"Nothing, Mr. Pendarvis," replied the gentleman, who was the village pastor, "can be effected by mortal agency. The

sea is now running upon Clawdd Coch mountains high."

Clawdd Coch, or the Red Ridge, was the name of a promontory or rocky headland which ran for a considerable way into the sea at the distance of two miles from the village. It was nigh this fatal rock, which had acquired a fearful celebrity from the number of vessels that had struck upon it, that the King's ship, now tossed by the waves, was observed to drive. Towards this point a few men of the lowest and most desperate description made their way, allured by curiosity, or perhaps by the desire of playing an early part in that scene of appropriation of the vessel's spoils which no one doubted must take place. The young ensign, Du Puy, expressed his desire to accompany them, and the fierce Ribaudier, to whose savage mind the storm was as congenial as the sunshine, said he would go with him. Pendarvis, whose age excused him from so hazardous an attempt, attended by Captain Coquin-

court, retired to a small public-house, or inn, which was situated on a gentle elevation, about fifty yards from the beach, and from the window of which they continued to observe the fate of the unfortunate ship. In the mean time Du Puy and his companions pressed forward along the beach, as fast as the storm would permit them, towards the point of the ridge; and it required all the strength of these men, inured to contend with the elements, to bear up against the heavy gale to which the open shore was exposed. Happily, however, its fury began to abate; the clouds which had been dense, and of a pitchy blackness, now separated, and, rolling off before the wind, permitted a dim and uncertain twilight. The lightning ceased, the rain abated, and if the wind still blew, it was in gusts, and not with the continued and irresistible violence with which it had hitherto raged. It nevertheless required a stout heart and unbroken strength to clamber up the ridge of rock which formed the promon-

tory of Clawdd Coch. In the open day the ascent was difficult; but now, when the little footing there was was rendered loose and slippery by the rain, and the darkness allowed no choice of pathway, the task was really dangerous. Had the tide been at ebb, a secure station would have been afforded under the lee of the rock, but the waves now ran over the beach twenty feet high. Some of the most daring of the coasters, however, led the way to the very extremity of the mountain, which was called, from its conic figure, Gyrn Goch, the Red Point; and these were followed by the soldiers, Ribaudier, and Du Puy, who, with the reconnoitring eyes of their profession, soon discovered a hole or crevice which afforded them considerable shelter. But on making their observations from this point, they found that either they had been deceived in their judgment of the ship's propinquity to the rock, or that the mariners on board had not lost the management of her so entirely as to dis-

able them from holding her off; for she appeared now to be equidistant between the promontory of Clawdd Coch and that of Woodhead, which formed the other horn of the bay of Llancoch, at the distance of three or four miles. Upon the height of Woodhead, above the cabin of Watch, a fire had been kindled as a beacon to the ship, and lights were seen moving to and fro busily on the headland.

"What light is that on the opposite shore?" said Du Puy, to one of the coasters.

"Will Watch has lit a fire on the Woodhead," replied the man.

"The devil light him for his pains," cried a worthy marauder; "I wish his flag was aboard the wreck."

"Wreck!" cried another coaster, "I'd give a cross it had come to that; it's like to be no wreck after all."

"D—mn me but it is," cried another villain, "else why did they give mouth? they can't stand under the gale; it blew

ten-topsail sheet-blocks. The rotten tub's settling in the water now."

Whilst the ferocious and unprincipled coasters were yet expressing their fears that the hoped-for prize would slip their fingers, a boat shot rapidly from the further side of the Woodhead, and bore away towards the ship. The light by which the boat was distinguished danced like a meteor on the ocean; and, unlike the ship, which every great billow had submerged, she floated lightly on the top of the waves, and made rapid headway.

"Watch is out," cried one of the coasters; "yon boat is his; for no living man else durst stem such a flood."

"Sink him!" cried out the whole body of ruffians; "the runner will pilot her into still water. Where is the wreck now?" And they cursed the bold smuggler with all the malignity which their disappointed villany could suggest.

The boat, after tacking about, ran alongside the vessel, where she remained for a considerable time. Du Puy and his

companions could at length perceive her push off from the ship, and make for Llancoch. This movement was no sooner observed by the coasters, than they presently left the rock, and were again followed by the French officers towards the village. Breathless with haste, they had just reached the beach, when the boat of the smuggler was run high upon a sandy spot with which his perfect knowledge of the coast made him intimate. Without waiting for a plank, the hardy seaman leaped into the water; and wading to the dry shore, at the distance of perhaps twenty feet, he secured the boat. Lights were instantly brought to the beach, and the mob crowded so densely around, that no room was left for those on board to land. But the smuggler speedily cleared a ring, crying out, "Stand back, you lubbers! you left us plenty of sea-room, give us some ashore. Back, you skulking rascals; room for my cargo—a cargo worth the manor of Plas-mawr and Llancoch together."

He then returned to the boat, whilst the people, with eager expectation, awaited the debarkation of this inestimable cargo. The first part of the adventure consisted of a female, who, delivered carefully into the arms of Watch by other persons on board, was borne safely to the shore by the stout-backed smuggler, and deposited on the dry beach. The lieutenant, Ribaudier, aroused by the sight of a petticoat, would have superseded his brother-officer in an offer of his attentions to the lady; but having cast a glance at his by no means prepossessing countenance, she instantly took the arm of the ensign. Du Puy would have conducted her to the inn, but she requested him to wait for her daughter, who was also on board.

While she was yet speaking, a man descended from the gunwale of the boat into the water, and a female of elegant figure appeared at the prow. The man received her in his arms, and with great care conveyed her to the beach.

The French lieutenant, presuming that the lady's attendant belonged to the boat, again tendered his services, but they were politely declined by the man, who said he should have no occasion to give trouble, as he should wait upon his fair companion himself. This reply, however, was by no means acceptable to Ribaudier, who having obtained a peep at the face of the lady, imagined it to be one of the most lovely he had ever seen, and he therefore persisted with much rudeness to intrude his protection upon her, and actually put his arm round her waist, with the intention of securing her as his own prize. This action instantly aroused the anger of her protector, who bade him fiercely to desist at his peril.

"Peril — ha, ha," exclaimed the Frenchman. "Le peril ne seroit pas tant que de merveille. What man are you? Je crois a drowned rat — a vile matelot — un chien. Peril, ha, ha."

He was here interrupted by the lady's mother, the female who first landed, and

who embraced her daughter with great joy, and congratulation on their escape from the flood. She spoke in the French tongue, and Ribaudier, who eagerly desired to scrape an acquaintance at any rate, introduced himself as a countryman, and officer in King William's service. The lady was overjoyed at this piece of news. She enquired the name of the regiment, and on being informed, instantly asked after M. Coquincourt.

"Je suis," she continued, "la femme de M. Caillemotte."

"De M. Caillemotte," exclaimed Ribaudier, sensibly struck with the insult which he had offered to the daughter of one of King William's officers, and the intimate friend of Duke Schomberg; and he made a thousand coarse apologies for the rude style in which he had before tendered his services, but which he attributed to his ignorance of their rank, and the little room for ceremony which the time, place, and circumstances admitted. He, however, again devoted himself

to their protection, but Madame Caillemotte was sufficiently well pleased with Du Puy, and her daughter did not seem disposed to release her attendant. The lieutenant could therefore only show his gallantry by conducting them to the inn, where, learning that there were other females of a more humble rank to be brought ashore, he posted back again to the beach, resolved to try his fortune another time. Madame Caillemotte, conducted by her chevalier, the ensign, entered the inn; but her daughter and her protector lingered for a moment at the door. There was no one present but themselves: the people had flocked to the beach, and were engaged with the scene enacted there. The young man, for he seemed to be little past his majority, clasped the hand of his fair protegé in both of his, and, looking in her face, said in a low tone, "Here we must part — I may go no further."

"Wherefore not?" replied the beautiful girl, in a voice which a foreign accent

rendered if possible more sweet. "Why should you leave us now when we most need your protection?"

"I must quit you," returned he, with deep sorrow, and pressing her trembling hand to his lips; "the ground on which I tread here is pregnant with danger. You are now, thank heaven, with your friends, and I may leave you in safety."

"I understand you not," returned Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "you are nothing more than a prisoner of war. My father's interest with Duke Schomberg — nay with the king, will obtain your liberation."

"That I may live to thank you, I must now bid you farewell; but we will meet again. You cannot yet proceed by land, and your mother will scarcely re-embark. Farewell — I will see you again." He once more kissed her hand, and perceiving Madame Caillemotte coming towards the door, he left the inn. Mademoiselle Caillemotte gazed after him until he was lost in the crowd, and

then joined her mother, with whom she entered the dirty kitchen (or as it is usually termed, house,) of the village tavern. The captain, Coquincourt, received her with affection as the daughter of an intimate friend; and introduced her, as he had already done Madame Caillemotte, to the Lord of Plas Mawr.

Pendarvis received her with great politeness, and invited both the ladies to recruit themselves from the fatigues of their voyage for some time at his house. His invitation, at the recommendation of Coquincourt, was accepted, and a servant was dispatched for the coach to the hall, where its lord, accompanied by his new friends, shortly arrived.

In the meantime, a new succession of guests had taken up the kitchen of the public house, the conveniences or rather inconveniences of which it will be perhaps proper to describe. The room was a square of about six yards, with walls of uncoloured plaster, a bricked floor, and casements, wherein the place of glass was

frequently supplied with patches of paper. Distress and poverty were everywhere apparent; a rank odour of filth, rum, and tobacco pervaded every corner; high three-legged stools, covered with the clammy drainings of drinking vessels, and marked with chalk, served the double purpose of tables and ledgers; rude benches of unplaned wood were fixed to the walls, and a large fire blazed in the chimney, which was destitute of a grate. The walls were covered with chalk hieroglyphics, the compendious short-hand of the host or his wife, and in some places ornamented with the ballads of the seven Bishops, Bonny Dundee, &c. Such a place as this was sufficiently uncomfortable, but it was still better than the open air in a night of such fearful weather. The landlord, David Jones, was by trade a fisherman, but, as was generally supposed, by occupation a smuggler, or receiver of contraband articles. His house was a receptacle for all the bad characters of the coast, who there spent in drunkenness

and debauchery the money which they had earned by deeds of rapine and illegal traffic. But Jones had little concern in the management of his house, which was left to the government of his wife, the brawny and herculean Rowna, and his daughter Winifred, whose height of five feet eleven inches without her shoes, still fell short of her gigantic mother's. To these Amazons, who could wield the club of Hercules, as well as the distaff of Omphale, the fisherman confided the conduct of his house, and seldom interfered even in the riots and fights, which were common as the day-light, except when the deafening tongues and sinewy arms of his wife and daughter had failed to quell the brutal ruffians of the coast. To confess a truth, such a failure seldom happened, for the bold Winifred was equal in wrestling, cudgel-play, and bar-pitching to most of her male neighbours, whilst there were few men so hardy as to dare an encounter with the fist of her mother. Their capabilities, therefore, left Jones little

else to do, than to sit in the nook, and drink and smoke with his companions.

Of the other persons who were landed from the boat of Will Watch, some of them, particularly the females, were taken into the houses of the more respectable inhabitants of Llancoch. The worthy vicar, Mr. Lloyd, accommodated several; and the bailiff, Apsly, converted his house into a hospital for the reception of many individuals. There was one person, however, who no sooner set his foot on terra firma, than he called out, in the broadest language of Ireland, for the tavern. This was the no little celebrated Teague O'Regan, a name, perhaps, to most of our readers unknown, but who bore a part and that not a mean one, in the wars of Ireland. He had been governor of the Castle of Charlemont, which had surrendered in the last spring to the arms of Duke Schomberg, and he, with eight hundred men of his garrison, became prisoners of war. In the course of the siege several smart repartees passed between

the Duke and O'Regan. The former sent a summons to the governor to surrender, but Teague bade the messenger tell his master, "from ould Teague O'Regan, that he was an ould knave, and by St. Patrick, he should not have the town at all;" to which the marshal replied, with a smile, "that he would give Teague greater reasons to be angry in a short time." Upon the evacuation of Charlemont, Duke Schomberg visited the castle, and after the Irish had marched about a mile from it, they drew up in two battalions, and there stood until the marshal arrived. "Old Teague," says the author, whence we get our information, "was mounted upon an old horse, and he very lame with the scratches, spavin, ringbones, and other infirmities; but withal so vicious, that he would fall a kicking and squeeling if any body came near him. Teague himself had a great bunch upon his back, a plain red coat, an old weather-beaten wig hanging down at full length, a little narrow white beaver, cocked up, a yellow cravat string,

butall of one side, his boots with a thousand wrinkles in them; and, though it was a very hot day, yet he had a great muff hanging before him, and, to crown all, was almost tipsy with brandy. Thus mounted and equipped, he drew near the duke with a compliment, but his horse would not allow him to make it a long one, for he fell to work presently, and the duke had scarce time to make him a civil return, but smiled afterwards, and said, Teague's horse was very mad, and himself very drunk."

Governor O'Regan and several others of his countrymen were conducted to the house of Jones, and Teague, almost before he had crossed the threshold, cried out for a dram of his favourite liquor, with which he was provided by the fair hand of Winifred.

"Arrah faith, grah!" exclaimed O'Regan, when he had bolted the brandy, "you're a well-made mother's daughter, —what place call ye this? By Saint Patrick, joy, you'd make a fine tall fellow

for one of the Prince of Orange's blue horse guards. — Show me the fire, grah; I'm as wet as winter. Faith, ould Teague O'Regan, for as long as he's known the world, never got such a shaking in his life before, and hopes he never will again till he's dead, boys. I thought, on my conscience, the devil had measured us, length and breadth."

"Truth, to tell," replied Winifred, who had awaited the conclusion of the Governor's speech, "hur cannot answer so many questions; but if hur worship will say them again, one by one, hur will do hur best."

To this remark O'Regan did not condescend to make any return, other than an idle stare; and he then advanced to the fire-place, and took possession of an old high-backed oaken chair, which was the seat of privilege always assigned to guests of superior rank. He laid down his muff (a constant part of his habit), disposed his cloak over the back of the chair, and giving the fire a hearty stir, called for more

brandy and a pipe. By this time the French Lieutenant Ribaudier, having failed to attract the regard of any of the females, returned to the inn, expecting to find there the company he had left; but understanding that he had been deserted, he entered the house in a huff, and, without noticing O'Regan, who looked at him with an inquisitive stare, he turned his back to the fire, and screwed his face into a thousand shapes. The governor, with his eye fixed upon him, smoked away for some time without intermission, but when the lieutenant, heated by the fire, threw off his military cloak, and discovered the uniform of King William's French regiments, O'Regan took his pipe from his mouth, and said, without ceremony, "Faith, jewel, you belong to Cambon's or Caillemotte's, or, perhaps, joy, to Le Mesurier's, or ould Shambear's."

"Ha, ha, le diable!" ejaculated the indignant lieutenant, who turned up his nose in scorn of the dirty-looking figure before him.

"Diable enough!" pursued the governor, "or the ould knave would never have forced Teague O'Regan out of Charlemont. Arrah, grah, we there gave your regiment the devil's own drubbing—they'll remember it till they're dead, if they're not dead first."

"Mort et blessures!" cried Ribaudier, laying his hand upon his sword, "what vilain Jack are you to belie the honour of my regiment?"

"Vilain Jack! you unnatural whelp of an honest mother!" cried the wrathful Irishman; "you twenty times d—d heretic and traitor! Vilain Jack dost thou call ould Teague O'Regan, that with one battalion of the sons of Erin would drive every devil's son of ye into the Liffey?—vilain Jack, you ugly ruffian! Down on your knucklers, or I'll make you bite your paltry steel into a thousand mouthfuls."

He rose from his seat, and whizzing his pipe at the head of the Frenchman, seized upon the pole of a fishing-net, which was reared in an adjacent corner, and was

proceeding to attack Ribaudier, whose sword stuck in his scabbard, when the raw boned wife of Jones laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"Sit hur down, will hur?" cried the Amazon, forcing O'Regan by main strength into his chair; "would hur bring discredit upon an honest house?"

"Hold off your paws, you b—h!" cried O'Regan, struggling to rise; "I'll fish him up like a sparling — I'll cut him into as many pieces as shall serve ye for twenty years' baits."

"Hur will have no fish nor baits neither," cried the hostess; "would the man commit murther?"

"Murther!" repeated Teague, still struggling for freedom; "arrah, woman, is it any murther to bate such a black-muzzled thief into butter, I would like to be knowing?"

The words "beat and thief," put an end to the patience of Ribaudier. He tore his rapier out of the sheath, and, with a horrid grin, lounged at his adversary, who, catching up his muff, used it as a

shield, and an effectual one it proved, against the passes of the Frenchman.

"Go it, joy!" exclaimed O'Regan, bursting from the hands of the hostess, and laying at his opponent with the net-pole furiously. "I skiver'd half a score of your regiment at Charlemont — would I'd a sword now — I'd toast your skinny carcase as you do mice for supper in your own country. Come on, jewel, I'll make you jump like a frog."

But the combat was now interrupted by the arrival of Winifred Jones to the assistance of her mother. With great dexterity she crept round the Frenchman, and suddenly seized him by the sword arm with so powerful a grasp, that his tilting immediately ceased. At the same time, the upper part of the Irishman's pole was caught by the landlady, as he threw it over his shoulder, to bring it to the stroke with the greater force, and so rude was her clutch upon the unwieldy weapon, that she very fairly overturned Mr. Teague O'Regan, who lay sprawling upon

the floor, to the great merriment of the by-standers, and the intrepid Rowna herself. The Frenchman, whose pretensions to gallantry would not suffer him to contend against a female, remained for some time passive in the hands of Winifred, and at length obtained leave to sheath his weapon, which he promised to keep within the scabbard. The governor was assisted to rise, and replaced in his chair, by the joint assistance of mother and daughter; and, as if he had forgotten that he had been engaged in the skirmish, he lighted another pipe, and recommenced smoking with quiet diligence.

But the passion of Ribaudier was not so easily assuaged. He also sat down at the other side of the fire, and refrained from further hostile demonstrations; but he could not contain the objurgations with which his angry spirit teemed; and he endeavoured to revenge himself upon his enemy by sarcastic remarks upon the conduct of O'Regan and his soldiers during the siege of Charlemont.

"En verité," said he, with an affectation of courtesy, "I am much indebted to this fracas, for it has procured me the pleasure of knowing the renowned Mons. Teague O'Regan."

"Descended from the kings of Connaught," pursued the Irishman; "a man whose valour and nobility, though Teague says it himself, is not surpassed in the world."

"Je le crois, Monsieur," continued Ribaudier, with a grimace, "and also a captain, whose gallant defence of the Chateau de Charlemont will be a model to succeeding ages."

"Ha, right, jewel!" grinned the governor, "by virtue of my oath, I did there what lay in mother's son to do and dare. There is no heretic captain in the French brigade would have done half so much, joy."

"Tres, bien;" said Ribaudier, provokingly: "but how was it, Monsieur le Capitaine, that your fortune was so bad,

as to force you to capitulation with eight hundred old soldiers?"

"Arrah, grah, because we had clane nothing to eat!" exclaimed O'Regan; "not a rat, a mouse, or a frog. Faith, your regiments of Cambon and Caillemotte, which lay round us in blockade, hunted all the vermin to death, and the devil to 'em; and knowing we were at our cheese parings, that ould rebel Shambear, let the fool M'Mahon pass to us, but devil a bit or sup they got, for I tould 'em if they couldn't get out, they should never come in, and they must either fight or starve. But Shambear strengthened his blockade, jewel, and there was nothing for it but pulling down our flag, for the devil's own teeth could not crack stone walls."

"C'est vrai," said Ribaudier; "but you have heard of St. Sauveur, who defended Sligo, Monsieur Teague, — a Frenchman, whose valour was not so philosophical."

"Devil burn St. Sauveur, and your own impudent self!" cried O'Regan, relapsing into anger; "and what did St. Sauveur do, after all your speeches? Faith, and he burnt a wooden sow, and he killed a half dozen fools, that were fond of leaden diet, and then he surrendered; — a fine story, by Saint Patrick, to trumpet all over Europe. And what sort of adversaries had St. Sauveur to cope with, jewel? Not Duke Shambear and his whole army, like ould Teague O'Regan; but Sarsfield and a body of undisciplined caterans, that knew as much of besieging a town, joy, as your mother's son would of embroidering a petticoat. Sure the ould duke himself paid me and my garrison a high compliment, and well he might, for the taking in of Charlemont is the best action of arms he ever wrought in his days."

"Ha! ha!" cried Ribaudier; "quelle bagatelle! Monsieur le Duc never had easier work; he said old Teague O'Re-

gan knew how to swagger and get drunk, but must leave fighting to better men."

This outbreak, for which the governor was little prepared, inflamed his wrath to the highest pitch. His eyes rolled around in his head, his teeth were clenched, and he looked about on all sides for his old weapon, the net-pole; but fortunately it had been removed out of his reach. Ribaudier, who heartily enjoyed the chagrin of his adversary, sat grinning upon him with a most provoking leer, and a fresh scene of tumult must inevitably have taken place, had not the attention of the contending parties been drawn off by the entry of other persons.

CHAP. IV.

" Convey him to the tower." — *Richard II.*

The morning now dawned, and to a night whose terrors had seldom been surpassed, succeeded a day so bright and beautiful, so redolent of warmth and sunshine, that to account for such a change, one would have almost thought the island of Britain had sailed away from its anchorage, and taken its station within the tropics. The grey dawn of morning had just broke, when the ship (which had hitherto remained in the offing, fearful if she endeavoured in the dark to get inside the bay of Llancoch, she might meet with some disaster), weighed anchor and stood in to the shore. She again took ground at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the village, and immediately sent ashore a guard of musketeers, who grounded their arms in

front of the public-house. A drummer beat the assembly or ancient muster call, to collect those persons together who had been landed from the boat of Watch; but so few paid attention to it, the officer commanding the guard stationed a sentinel on the beach and entered the tavern. It was his entrance that put a stop to the hostile movements of O'Regan and Ribaudier; but even his presence, though armed with authority, could impose no check upon the licentious tongue of the descendant of the kings of Connaught. "Ay, faith," cried O'Regan, beholding the English officer with whom he had not been on the most friendly footing during the voyage, "Here's another dragon of the same brood. Och hone! and it'll be well for ould England and ould Ireland too when they'll get rid of such vermin."

The officer took no notice of this invective, but bowing politely to Ribaudier, expressed his joy at meeting an officer of Monsieur Cambon's regiment, and pro-

ceeded to inform the French lieutenant that the ship was a transport charged with the conveyance of two hundred Irish and French prisoners to England; that they had left Ireland nearly a week ago with orders to sail for Caernarvon; but had been tossed about by contrary winds until the last night, when, as our readers know, they had nearly perished in the storm. The English officer bestowed much praise on the courage and conduct of the smuggler Watch, to whose directions he entirely attributed their being saved from shipwreck.

"Ay, faith," cried Teague, interrupting their conversation, "there was the devil's own peal a ringing when the tight boy came aboard of us, — such a hullabaloo both above and below, — such blarney and blethering, — weeping and wailing, squeaking and screaming, — by the virtue of my oath you'd have thought we were all dead every crater of us, and sunk in the bottom of the sea."

" The damage the ship has sustained," said the English officer, without noticing the remarks of his prisoner, " will prevent us from returning to Caernarvon. I have arranged with the officer commanding the transport the debarkation of the prisoners, and it will be necessary for me to obtain the assistance of some magistrate in the lodging and disposing of them, until we can proceed on our march. Your company, Monsieur Ribaudier, will assist us in relief of guard."

The Frenchman immediately informed him of the contiguity of Mr. Pendarvis's residence; and also that Monsieur Coquincourt was there with another officer of Cambon's corps.

" Madame et Madamoiselle de Caillemotte sont chez Monsieur Pendarvis," continued Ribaudier, " It is not very long since they left the tavern. I will myself accompany you to the chateau. You can put Monsieur Teague and the other prisoners under guard until our return."

"Och, the devil doubt ye," cried O'Regan, "but you may spare yourself the trouble; for I'll pledge ye my word that I'll not be stirring from this till ye be come back, and perhaps not then, jewels. So go your ways, and bad luck to you. A man with the carcass of a fed ox wouldn't be running far without a cross in his pocket, I'll be thinking. So be off with ye to Pendarvy's, or elsewhere you like, so that you carry your ugly faces with you."

The English lieutenant, unwilling to encourage O'Regan in his desire of being noticed, left the house, and having cautioned his subaltern to keep an eye upon the governor, and the other prisoners who were assembled, he, in company with Ribaudier, set off for Plas Mawr.

Teague was now left to himself, but did not seem to relish his solitary situation. He ordered his chair to be conveyed to the outside of the door, where he enjoyed his brandy, his pipe, the warm beams of the sun, and a sight of

that which was being transacted on the beach, at the same time. He had not been long in this station before he was approached by Master Apsly, who had bestirred himself at an earlier hour than usual to inform himself of the consequences of the storm. The bailiff, observing a person of so singular an appearance sitting at the door of the alehouse, could not resist the desire of learning something more of him than what his mere exterior afforded; and after enquiring his situation of one of the bystanders, and learning that he was a prisoner, he addressed him with a remark upon the fineness of the day, and the great change which had taken place in the weather. To these common places, delivered in a tone of reverence, which, no doubt, the fiery figure of the Irishman excited, O'Regan replied, "Ay—humph — sure — and the like."

"Can I be of any service to your honour," said Apsly; "my master, his worship Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, will be

proud to afford assistance to a gentleman of your honour's figure."

"Bah!" exclaimed the governor, "be after none of your tricks now, my darling; ould Teague O'Regan's figure will not put your eyes out with sparkling. But if your master, Watkin Pendarvy, will render me any service, let him send me back again to ould Ireland, and that's all I'll ask him."

"Your honour, I should have thought, would have had enough of the seas," said Apsly.

"Och, Sir, I wasn't born to be drown'd if I was to be hang'd," cried O'Regan. "Didn't I come into the world with a caul over my face, and hasn't my ould mother, Coila O'Regan, of Belturbet, got it safe and snug in her box of cordials? 'Faith, she holds the caul and the cordials in equal estimation, and she wouldn't lose either to be made wife to the great Cham of Tartary."

"But at my house," said Apsly, pointing to a neat stone cottage higher

up the village, "which you may see next to David Croppen's, the barber's,—where the pole stands from the wall, — your honour might be better lodged."

"Arrah, faith, jewel," replied the Hibernian to this hospitable suggestion, the wants of ould Teague O'Regan are mighty few. An easy chair, a full pipe, and a dram of good brandy are both meat, drink, washing, and lodging to me."

He was yet speaking when Rowna Jones, who had listened to their conversation, indignant that the bailiff should entice away so good a customer from her house, approached him with a threatening aspect, arms a kimbo, and body bent in such a way as to occasion a protrusion of her nose nearly into the face of her intimidated foe.

"What the plague had the bailly to do with the shentleman?" cried Rowna; "would hur take away people's bread out of their mouths? The shentleman was very content where hur was, if hur would let him be."

"A carn be the bailly's bedstone," exclaimed the gentle Winifred, who from the doorway had overheard that which had passed; "the heath his bed, his drink the running dews. A shirking scamp! would hur rob the honest poor of their bread and salt?"

"Nay, but gently, softly," said Apsly, in a conciliating tone; "good Rowna, softly; Winifred, good wench."

"Good wench not me," cried the pugnacious damsel, scornfully; "what, though ye be a bailly and head servant to a justice, we all know Apsly."

"Know hur! ay truth," cried her gigantic mother, "for a sneaking, tale-bearing, hungry, lousy knave; and sure hur has a good will to slap hur chops for hur pains."

"Mercy o' me," cried the bailiff, whose manhood had already made its exit, "I intended no offence, as I live by bread; none in the world. But I thought, mayhap, as sometimes will happen in the best inns, you might be unprovided."

"Unprovided!" exclaimed Winifred, shaking her head in his very teeth, "of what, you beggar? — and is not this as good, look you, an inn, as ever you clapped your villanous face in, since you walked on two legs?"

"Taste that, you thief," cried Rowna, snatching up O'Regan's cup, and tossing off a part of the contents with great satisfaction; after which she offered it to Apsly, who took and moderately tasted the liquor, apparently to avert the indignation of his female adversaries, rather than to gratify his own appetite. "Taste that, and tell me if hur ever swallowed the like in another public-house."

"Arrah, jewel," said O'Regan, "you'll be kind enough to fill me another cup — there'll be mighty little left after you've all wet your whistles. The brandy's good brandy — that's the plain truth."

"So it is," said Apsly; "never was better offered to human creature. Truth to tell, better strong waters are not sold,

than those vended by honest Rowna and Winifred."

"No, bailly," continued the terrific Rowna, somewhat appeased, "nor a better house will hur see between Chester and Caernarvon, than the Silver Salmon of Llancoch."

"Arrah, be easy now," said O'Regan, with a snorting, contemptuous smile; "devil a cabin in ould Ireland, where a stocking stuck in the window tells you'll get a dram of usquebaugh, but is a palace to your dirty barrack. By the virtue of my oath, the whole place, brick and mortar, is not worth the telling a lie about."

This declaration highly enraged the landlady of the Silver Salmon. She fixed her fiery eyes, yet red from her late passion, upon the candid Hibernian, who retorted her stare with silent indifference, as he puffed out clouds of tobacco-smoke; her hands shook by her side, and her scraggy neck swelled and collapsed with vehement quickness. She would probably have fallen tooth and nail upon

O'Regan, whose strength, in separating him from Ribaudier, she had already tried; had not her husband, who had hitherto remained, according to custom, an inactive spectator, for once, instead of giving the coup-de-grace to her antagonist, took him under his protection. With a nod of his great rough head, a signal which seemed well understood, he ordered his helpmate and her daughter into the house, and, fierce as were the pair of Amazons, they knew too well the power of their master to dispute his commands. Scarcely had they withdrawn, to the great gratification of Apsly, when the boat of Will Watch, careering through the flowing tide, and with the wind in her sail, ran up on the beach, and the smuggler, jumping out of her, approached the door of the house. He was soon recognised by O'Regan, who, with importunate courtesy, pressed his brandy-cup upon him. "Drink, dear," cried Teague; "och, I wish every drop of the creature may be health and marrow to

your bones. By St. Patrick, long's the day since I saw a man of braver mettle; drink, boy, see the bottom on't. Well, and how come you on aboard ship?"

"Hearty as a shoal of herrings with a whale at their stern," answered Watch. "The men must be brought ashore, or they will die of sickness. Is the commanding officer here?"

"No, jewel," said O'Regan, "he's gone up with a Frenchman to one Justice Pendarvy's; I warrant to look out a hole for our confinement."

"There's one not far off," returned Watch, "the Twr Vawr, the prison — the place they clap up your poor debtors in. But lawyer Apsly here can tell you more on't than I can; he has sent many a poor devil that way when they couldn't turn out readily."

"A deplorable duty of office," said Apsly, with a melancholy shake of the head; "a public officer must consult his duty, Master Watch, and not his feelings."

"Fine words, Ap-sly," said the smuggler, sarcastically, "if they were worth any thing."

"Fine words butter no parsnips, as the saying is," cried Teague; "nevertheless, give the devil his due. Master Ap-sly, as you call him, has behaved like a decent Christian, if he wasn't a heretic, and had like to have been made into a martyr for his pains;—faith, I wish when he's next made a martyr of, it may be in a better cause."

"Amen," said Watch; "but I hope before his hour comes, he'll bear away to Plas Mawr, and bid Mr. Pendarvis hasten his march; no time is to be lost."

"I will do the errand freely," said Apsly; "I am ever glad to render my mite of assistance to the needy."

"So that it cost thee nothing," said the smuggler, as the bailiff walked hastily away. He then looked narrowly around, and observing that there was not any person so near as to overhear their conversation, he continued. "Now, Colonel

O'Regan, that we are alone, I must give you some counsel; there is but little time to do it in, and we must make the best of it. Have you seen Captain Delafosse?"

"Captain Delafosse," replied the Hibernian, with a look of surprise, which indicated his ignorance of Watch's intentions; "what of Captain Delafosse, jewel? He is a brave soldier, and has done good service in the wars; beside, he has the best face of it a woman would like to look upon. Arrah, by St. Patrick, I know Delafosse well."

"But do you know where he is?" said Watch, impatiently.

"Not I," replied O'Regan. "He splashed into the water to carry that lump of beauty, Mademoiselle Caillemotte, ashore, and I have not clapped my own eyes upon him since."

"You are asleep," said the smuggler; "you have not forgot Gwyndyr of Merioneth?"

"Hush," whispered the governor, with a changed aspect and contracted

brow; "I have no mind to be shot upon the beach. Speak lower, jewel, for stone walls have ears. Are you a brother of our cause?"

"You may trust me," replied Watch. "I have been seeking Delafosse, but I fear the wench's black eyes have lured him to Plas Mawr; if so, he'll be fast enough. Gwyndyr is on the *scout*. There is little chance now of your escape."

"Mighty little, joy," answered O'Regan; "for burn me if I could walk a mile to escape a halter."

"Then the Twr Vawr must be your quarters!" said Watch; "the other prisoners will not be landed until the guard-officer has returned from Pendarvis's."

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Winifred Jones at the door. With an air of rustic coquetry which strongly contrasted with her grenadier-like size, and masculine, though we will not say uncomely, features, she leered upon the hardy and handsome smuggler, who, with careless familiarity,

gave her a nod in return. She continued for some time to look at him, apparently expecting that he would say something to her, but Watch preserved silence; and turning his head away, looked towards the beach, probably wishing that Winifred would leave him alone with O'Regan. But the damsel was otherwise disposed. With great *naiveté*, and seemingly careless of exposing her affection for Watch to the observation of others, she took hold of his arm, and with as much tenderness as a female lion could assume, said, "What, has hur nothing to say after being away a month?"

"Say, wench," replied Watch, with a laugh; "ay, how do'st this fine weather?"

"No better for hur asking," replied Winifred, in a tiff.

"It's a sign thou wast well before;" said the smuggler, "and I'm glad of it, wench. When women are in health, they're ever good tempered; and I see

thou'rt as playful as a dolphin in the sunshine."

"Where has hur been all the time?" said Winifred.

"Fishing," replied Watch.

"What! for a month?" said Winifred.

"Ay, Winny," replied the smuggler, "fishing in troubled waters."

"Dear heart," said the girl, sorrowfully, "hur has been at Howth-head, or the Point of Air."

"Right, wench," returned Watch; "I lay at Howth-head a long time."

"And did hur catch many fish?"

"A whole ship-load: the finest fish that ever entered the bay of Llancoch."

"Has hur got em in? Where are they?"

"Thou shalt see 'em when they're got ashore," said the smuggler; "they'll make thee stare, wench."

Mr. Teague O'Regan, who, in enigmas to which he had the key, was sufficiently acute, listened attentively to this dialogue,

and soon discovered (as, perhaps, our readers may have done also) that Watch meant thereby to convey to him a knowledge of the circumstances in which he was placed. He had been prevented from discovering himself clearly to the Hibernian by the presence of Winifred; but he concluded that he might very well make use of her ignorance as a medium of information to O'Regan, without any dread of detection by her. And his policy was fully answered; for whilst the simple-minded girl lamented that he had for a whole month toiled amid the waves off the Howth-head, a stormy and dangerous *point* on the coast of Ireland, whither fishermen used frequently to resort, O'Regan understood that the smuggler had been lying there in communication with some of the political leaders of the Jacobite faction; and he further concluded, as the fact was, that Watch had kept company, or very nearly so, with the ship during her voyage. He knew, and, indeed, was party to a plot, which, by

the intervention of emissaries, had been arranged between the Jacobite gentlemen of North Wales and their allies in Ireland, for rescuing, arming, and organizing the prisoners who should be landed at Caernarvon. These were to raise the standard of civil war within the principality, which, though notoriously affected to the Stuart interest, had strangely been left unoccupied, or nearly so, by any force sufficient to repress the discontented. Amid the wilds of the British Alps, the pathless mountains of Merionethshire and Caernarvonshire, the bold and lawless Owain Goch, that is, Owen the Red, maintained a band of hardy and courageous followers, who, under the pretext of upholding the Stuart cause, fired and plundered the dwellings and property of the Orangemen. In vain had a reward been offered for the apprehension of Owain, or any of his band; the ill-regulated and ineffective police of the country was in as much terror of him as their neighbours, and a military force, if such

a body could have penetrated the fastnesses of Snowdon, of Arran Banllyn, and Cader Idris, could not, in the then posture of affairs, have been spared from any garrison town in the neighbourhood. Impunity had exalted the ferocious outlaw to the highest pitch of insolence, and no gentleman in the principality of King William's party was safe from his licentious power. The leaders of the Jacobite faction had not disdained to league with the Welsh chieftain. A constant correspondence had been maintained by Hamilton with Owain Goch, which had been strengthened by many personal interviews; and so persuaded was that active partisan of the Welshman's power and courage, that he promised him supplies of arms and money. The former, however, would have been sufficient for Owain and his clan, since (according to the proverb) he who possesses iron will never want gold. In the arrangement of the plot for the rescue of those prisoners that were now landed in Wales, Owain played

a conspicuous part, and, for the purpose of concerting measures more secretly and perfectly, he, accompanied by Will Watch, who was his intimate ally in affairs both public and private, crossed the Channel. From the coast he made his way to the Irish camp, and by his courage and acuteness had passed thither and returned, in safety and unmolested. It was Owain Goch that our readers saw when Will Watch first made his appearance at the cottage on the sands, and who, to avoid the recognition of Apsly, had kept aloof during his stay.

The Irish governor had little time to recollect himself before the arrival of Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, and the English officer put an end to his cogitations. Learning from Watch that the person advancing towards him was the magistrate Pendarvis, O'Regan rose from his chair, and awaited the introduction of the Englishman; but perceiving that the officer took no notice of his expectant attitude, he leisurely laid down his pipe, gave his

breeches a hitch, and then dropping his hands behind him, he looked the justice in the face, and said, with a very loud voice, "Good morning, Mr. Pendarvis. Since no one will introduce gentlemen to one another, I'll introduce you to myself, sir. I am ould Teague O'Regan, lieutenant-colonel in His Majesty's service, and late governor of Charlemont; a gentleman that, to say it himself, need not look red in the face before any lord of the land. Arrah, faith, many of those same have need to look as red as my ould cloak for this thousand years to come."

To this speech Pendarvis bowed coldly, and made no reply.

"Och, hone," cried O'Regan, "and I believe I've left all manners and courtesy behind me in ould Ireland; for devil an answer will ye get here to the civilest speech that tongue can utter. Hark ye, Mr. Pandarfy, is it ould Teague O'Regan that you're thinking to treat after this beastly fashion?"

"I know nothing of Mr. Teague O'Regan," replied Pendarvis.

"Nor of Teague O'Regan's dog," said the old champion; "if you knew how he can bite, you'd bite your own dirty tongue out to be civiler. Devil a one of all the grand and famous men I've met with, since I was a gossoon as high as my stick, ever turned up such a lip to Teague O'Regan before or since. Louis le Grand, his late Majesty Charles, — good be with him, — King James, or even your own ould Shambear, they all knew how to receive a soldier and gentleman; but faith, your petty little country justice, that has not a breath out of his own parish, can see or hear nothing but his own *scurvy* self."

"Be civil, Sir," said Pendarvis, with great haughtiness; "I will not answer, that your licentious tongue may not abridge your liberty. Be warned, Sir — be warned."

"The devil warn ye and warm ye both!" cried the impatient colonel.

The justice made no reply, but immediately joined the English officer, who was busied in dispatching boats to the ship, for the debarkation of the prisoners. This soon commenced, and in a short time, with the assistance of the large fishing smacks, which belonged to the townspeople of Llancoch, the whole of O'Regan's brothers in captivity (with the exception of those that were landed during the storm) were drawn up on the shore. By this time the company of Monsieur Coquincourt, with the lieutenant and ensign at their head, had come upon the ground; and, indeed, their presence seemed necessary to augment the numbers of the little guard by which the prisoners were commanded. Captain Coquincourt presently rode up, and, with the concurrence of the English officer, immediately took upon himself the active command.

"Monsieur Pendarvis," said he, looking around, "which is le tour de voire? le depôt?"

"The old tower, or, as we Cambrians say, twr vawr," replied the justice, smiling, "is above the town, some few furlongs. We had best proceed."

"En avant, mes enfans," said Coquincourt, pointing before him with his sword; "au tour de voire, au cachot."

"Hold hard, — halt a moment, Captain Coquincourt," said the English officer, "we are not right; we are some men short of our muster. I don't see Captain Delafosse. He is, perhaps, Mr. Pendarvis, at your house. He attended Madame Caillemotte and her daughter on their coming ashore."

"I know of no gentleman that has been at Plas Mawr since your arrival," said Pendarvis, "other than these officers and yourself. Madame Caillemotte and her daughter went hence in my carriage."

"Och, hone!" cried O'Regan, with well-affected consternation, "the dear soul's drowned, as sure as my name's Teague."

"Your lamentation is premature, Sir," said the Englishman; "I saw your friend safe ashore: but I fear he has taken dishonourable advantage of the confusion of our affairs to regain his freedom."

"Arrah now, Master Captain Burdet," exclaimed Teague, with a snort of contempt, "don't be for plastering another man's coat with mud, lest you geta dab in your own eye. The lad, begging his pardon, would have been a cursed fool if he hadn't slipt his halter when he could. Sure, its your own slovenly watch, and no dishonour to him, that he has given ye leg-bail, grah."

Burdet took no notice of this insolence, but with his usual forbearance, or contempt of the Hibernian, ordered his men to proceed.

"By the virtue of my oath, then," cried O'Regan, "the way must be neither stony, hilly, nor far, or I'll be after breaking down. Sorry's the day when I left my ould horse behind me. He was

worth a whole stud of your English gallopers."

With this reflection the governor joined the other prisoners, and they proceeded in order through the town towards the old tower of Llancoch. This ruin, for such, in fact, it now was, although once it could boast of considerable strength and beauty, was situated at a little distance east of the town, on the edge of a rock, whose beetling front overhung the sea. It had probably been one of those places of defence which were erected by Edward the First and his successors, to bridle the disaffected Welsh, and its situation was well chosen for the supply of necessaries in time of siege, being at all times open to seaward, a convenience which, connected with its *strength* of situation, rendered it impregnable. It had never been very extensive; but the remains of it were now reduced to one large and decayed tower, whose walls seemed to be prevented from falling over the precipice by the mere cinctures of

the ivy with which it was over-run. The moat, once broad and deep, was now filled up by the ruins of the walls and other defences, which had felt the hand of decay. In fact, the castle had just arrived at that state which would have rendered it picturesque and interesting to the antiquary or the artist. Its landward situation was beautiful. From the village of Llancoch the ground, rising gradually to the tower, was covered with a wood of stately trees, which were not only an ornament to the scene, but sheltered it from the rains of the west, and the heats of the south.

We cannot inform our readers how long the Twr Vawr had been suffered to decline, nor how long its royal garrison had been superseded by the turnkey of Llancoch. We only know that Mr. Watkin Pendarvis found it in possession of the local authorities of the village, and that he had continued to make use of it for the incarceration of those defaulters who were not disposed or could not find

the means to discharge the penalties inflicted by statute upon their offences. It had also been occasionally occupied by felons on their way to the county gaol, there being no other place of security in the neighbourhood; but as charges of a high nature had hitherto been rare within this district, the honour it had received from that kind of residents was not extensive. It had no regular inhabitants, but when void of prisoners was left wholly untenanted, except by the owls, bats, and daws, which took up their residence in the battlements. When, however, it was put into requisition, either for the purposes of final or interlocutory imprisonment, the gaoler, one of the subordinate creatures of Watkin Pendarvis, occupied a small room on the ground floor, at the foot of the stair which conducted to the upper stories of the tower. This fellow had already received notice from Pendarvis to have the place in readiness for the reception of the military captives; and as they ascended the winding road

which conducted them through the wood, the Lord of Plas Mawr beheld the gaoler at the door, which was thrown open for their admission.

With many a strain and grunt did Colonel O'Regan mount the ascent to the tower; and when he did gain the open ground or esplanade before the gate, he actually refused to proceed another yard until he had recovered his breath. His muff, which was scarcely useful at this season of the year, he used in place of a fan; and setting his back against the wall, he continued to puff and fan himself for a considerable time after his companions had ascended the stair, without paying the least regard to the observations of Captain Coquincourt or the other officers. It was not until the haughty Pendarvis had threatened to provide him the assistance of the gaoler, that with a look of scorn and "to the devil with yous," the Irish governor yielded to his fate.

CHAP. V.

" How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope,
Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd:
Year after year hath worn her hope away,
But left still undiminish'd her desire." *Douglas.*

HAVING thus safely housed the prisoners, it is now time for us to attend to the ladies at Plas Mawr. Lady Pendarvis was abed when Madame Caillemotte and her daughter arrived at the hall; and so great had been the exhaustion of the two latter during the storm, that, after a slight refreshment, they also betook themselves to rest. The morning was far advanced before either of them appeared in the breakfast-room, which, in accordance with the melancholy of Lady Pendarvis, was carefully blinded so as to exclude every ray of sunshine. The room was richly, rather magnificently, furnished. The hangings and draperies of

velvet, cornices and mouldings superbly gilt and carved, fine pictures, and other movables of equal value, would have seemed to bespeak the taste of an elegant and pleasurable mind; but the sombre hue of the drapery, — perfect black, — the ebon furniture, and the doleful subjects of the valuable pieces of art which covered the walls, were sufficient to have damped spirits, however lively or cultivated. Beneath the windows of this *salle à déjeûner* the Lady Pendarvis had planted box, laurels, and other evergreens, which represented the perenniality of her grief.

In her usual mourning garb the wife of Pendarvis first entered the room, followed by her woman, who with great care beat up the cushions of her mistress's chair and drew it near to the fire. Lady Pendarvis sat down, and with a mechanical motion warmed her hands, whilst her attendant remained standing in silent expectation of her commands.

She at length turned towards her woman, and looked at her a few moments with eyes which seemed truly dimmed with grief.

"Roberts!" said she, in a low tone, and as if she did not see her plainly.

"My Lady," replied the woman.

"Come hither, wench," she continued. Roberts approached her, but she relapsed into silence, and her woman, with a patience which seemed habitual, again awaited her inclination.

"Roberts!" she murmured again, after a considerable interval, "what's o'clock?"

"Nine has struck, My Lady," answered the woman.

"Nine!" said Lady Pendarvis, aroused by the lateness of the hour into some surprise. "How have I been abed so late?"

"Your Ladyship slept but poorly," replied Roberts. "The storm and the people going and coming broke Your Ladyship's rest."

"The storm! the people!" returned Lady Pendarvis, whose absence of mind

was very frequent. "I remember no storm, nor people."

"Begging Your Ladyship's pardon," said Roberts, "you may remember waking me after midnight to fasten your casement which the wind had blown open; there was both wind, and rain, and thunder, and lightning too, your ladyship, such as have not been heard of late years, — more by token that his worship's clerk sent up word of a ship's wrecking off Clawdd Coch."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Lady Pendarvis.

"At which news," continued the abigail, "his worship and the officer-gentlemen —"

"Officers!" said Lady Pendarvis; "thou art dreaming, wench."

"They came hither last night," said the woman, "after Your Ladyship had retired, and were drinking with his worship in the hall when Apsly sent. They are French mounseers — what d'ye call em, my lady?"

"French!" repeated Lady Pendarvis, with considerable energy. "Have they heard? — no, no, no, — they know him not."

"They are some of the soldiers that King William has brought with him from over seas," said Roberts, "and they are going to Ireland, my lady, to help him in his wars. More's the pity such fine men should stand up to be shot at: then there's Madame Callimancoe and her daughter that came home with his worship in the coach."

Lady Pendarvis looked at her woman, but did not speak; and the latter pursued: "Yes, my lady, they were saved from the wreck, and a fine young creature the daughter is, sure enough; for one of the girls called me up by his worship's order to show them beds."

"Then there are some ladies in the house?" said her mistress.

"Oh, yes, Your Ladyship," answered Roberts, "they're in Sir Jorwerth's room,

and I'll warrant me as sound asleep and as comfortable as fleas in a blanket."

"You annoy me," said Lady Pendarvis, who was teased with the vivacity of her attendant; "I have told you often to be less flippant. Let not your tongue run riot thus. It doth not beseem your years or your condition."

This grave rebuke quelled, in no small degree, the spirit of remark in Mrs. Roberts, who nevertheless did not, as is usual with the tribe of waiting women in such cases, put on a look of spiteful and contemptuous anger. She curtsied to her mistress, and said, in a low voice, that she only wished to explain what had taken place during the night.

"Where is Mr. Pendarvis?" said the lady.

"He went down to Llancoch with the officers, My Lady," answered Roberts.

"He will return to breakfast?" said her mistress.

"They had breakfast before they left the hall, My Lady," returned the woman.

"The English officer who came up from Llancoch ——"

"What! more strangers!" said Lady Pendarvis, in great surprise. The waiting woman curtsied but did not reply; and before any thing further occurred, the parlour door was opened by one of the servants, and admitted Madame and Mademoiselle Caillemotte. Lady Pendarvis, whose good breeding was not subdued by her affliction, rose to receive them, and in a few words welcomed them to Plas Mawr. The manners of Madame Caillemotte were in high contrast with those of her hostess. With the unaffected familiarity of a Frenchwoman, she expressed her sense of the friendly reception she had met with, and also her gratification at making acquaintance with Lady and Mr. Pendarvis. She either did not perceive, or affected not to see, the reserve and melancholy of her new friend, but doubtless concluded that all embarrassments would give way before the *emportement* of her own cha-

racter. The *debût* of Mademoiselle Caillemotte was not less ingenuous, but somewhat more restrained: it partook of melancholy without being blemished by reserve; and the former only served to give an enchanting captivation to her manners, which blended the highest degree of refinement with the most perfect sincerity, and the most undissembled humility. Her beauty and modest deportment seemed to rivet the attention of Lady Pendarvis; and the somewhat sorrowful cast of her countenance touched the chord of sympathy in the bosom of her hostess.

The compliments of introduction being concluded, the ladies sat down to breakfast. Madame Caillemotte made a hearty meal; but Lady Pendarvis almost contented herself with attending to the wants of her guests.

"My dear madame," said the lively Frenchwoman, "I am in great fear that my daughter needs a better example than her mother to do justice to your

hospitality. We have surely disturbed you in the night, — you are not well, — you eat nothing."

"I am indeed not well," replied Lady Pendarvis, "but still as well as usually; I pray you do not attend to me; breakfast is ever with me a poor meal."

"Tant pis!" cried Madame Caillemotte. "So much the worse, my dear madame, if we would live we must eat, that is a maxim both in England and France. *En vérité*, unless we have your countenance, Julie and I must cease for shame."

Aroused by this hint, which Lady Pendarvis took somewhat literally, she constrained herself, and with the assistance of a little encouragement from Madame Caillemotte, managed to eat more than she had done at breakfast for some time previously. Madame Caillemotte, indeed, seemed to be under the necessity of taking upon herself the active duties of the table; for she could by no exertion of her own vivacity awaken that of her hostess,

or of her daughter. The conversation lay, therefore, chiefly upon her own abilities, and to do her justice she was by no means unequal to the task; for during the whole of breakfast, there was scarcely one interval of silence, and yet she herself was almost the sole speaker. The depression observable in Mademoiselle Caillemotte did not seem to arise from any infection communicated by Lady Pendarvis. Her sorrow did not appear of that sad and silent, that concentrated and gnawing nature which pervaded her hostess, but her mind seemed singularly excursive and apprehensive; her fine eye rested upon different objects with that kind of careless gaze which betokens an occupied and somewhat bewildered imagination; and she frequently suffered herself to be repeatedly addressed by her mother before she made any reply. At ordinary times this distraction would have occasioned considerable surprise, but Madame Caillemotte very naturally concluded that Julie had not

yet overcome the terror incident to their situation on board the ship, and that her mind was yet harassed by the remembrance of the storm. However this may be, as no questions were asked, the reveries of Mademoiselle Caillemotte escaped examination.

On rising from table, Lady Pendarvis conducted her friends into her own sitting room, the furniture and ornaments of which were of the same funereal hues as those of the breakfast-room. One addition there was, however, of a more amusing description, and that the sharp eyes of Madame Caillemotte were not long in finding out. It was the harp of Cambria, a large and beautiful instrument, upon which, even in her most melancholy moods, the lady of Plas Mawr occasionally played. In her happier days she had been esteemed by the harpers of her country an impassioned and scientific performer, and had particularly excelled in those pieces of a light and brilliant character which display as

much of execution as of harmony. But since the loss of her son, her harp had changed its tone. It no more rang with the silvery flourishes of the dance and madrigal, but sank into the expression of those sad and tearful melodies, which, however sweet and touching, speak of melancholy and woe.

With an easy familiarity, which might have bespoke an acquaintance of years, Madame Caillemotte examined the harp, and after expressing her admiration of the workmanship, desired her daughter to sit down and play.

"Does the young lady play this instrument?" said Lady Pendarvis, with awakening animation.

"Indifferently well, Madame," answered Madame Caillemotte, "if a mother may be judge, though she fingers the lute better."

"I should be glad to hear her," said Lady Pendarvis. "It is long since I heard any other than my own hand upon

the harp, and with me playing is become mechanical."

"Come, Julie, put on a lively look," said her mother, with the kind intention of chasing the sadness of her hostess. "Do render yourself agreeable: you are to-day quite unlike yourself; let us hear some sprightly cotillon," and the good lady immediately began to hum a favourite dance of that class. But her daughter, whose despondency still continued, sat down at the instrument, and, after a short prelude, played and sang the following little song, the plaintive notes of which strongly attracted the attention of Lady Pendarvis:

"How dear the shower to the parched flower.
Which droops its head to die,
When with golden rays the sun doth blaze,
In the cloudless summer sky!
How bright the beam on the moonlit stream,
As it plays in the midnight wind;
Yet dearer to me than rain to flowers,
And brighter than moon-beam by stream-wash'd
bowers,
Is the love I've left behind.

How sweet is the note from the swelling throat
Of the bird that is doom'd to weep,
When the light declines, and the moon-star shines,
And the world is hush'd in sleep!
When spirits burn, how fond we turn,
To the friend whose love is blind!
Yet sweeter than song of the nightingale,
Or friendly voice, is the welcome tale,
Of the love I've left behind."

The voice of Julie Caillemotte was of that powerful yet finely modulated tone which creates a good deal of astonishment at the same time that it excites the most pleasing and delightful feelings. It was such a voice as had been seldom heard by Lady Pendarvis; and the surprise and admiration into which she was thrown by its display drew tears from her eyes. The emotion of Julie herself was scarcely less strong. For some time after she had concluded her song, she continued to run over the sweetly sad air, and to hum the words unconsciously to herself. Her eyes were upturned and fixed upon the sky, her lips parted, and her whole fine and elegant figure was so rooted to her seat, so staid and immovable, that but for the

heightened colour of her complexion she might have been taken for a flattering image of Sappho at her kithara.

The gratification of her melancholy *penchant* had been so long indulged by Lady Pendarvis in solitude, that she found herself unable, even in the presence of strangers, to repress her feelings; and after some ineffectual endeavours to restrain her tears, she gave way to them, and sobbed aloud. Her grief presently recalled Mademoiselle Caillemotte to recollection, and she and her mother applied themselves to console their unappy hostess.

It is a singular property in women that they become friends or enemies at first sight. That reserve and caution so commonly accompanying the male character is seldom observed in a female, who, if introduced to a room full of fresh faces, will, in the course of a single hour, be on terms of the most intimate familiarity or excessive disgust with all those of her own sex. And if this remark be applicable to any

women, it is more particularly to those of France, who always meet strangers as old acquaintances. It was doubtless this urbane feeling which prompted the two French ladies, although ignorant of the cause of Lady Pendarvis's grief, to offer her their condolence, which they did in a very friendly and affectionate manner. It is true Mademoiselle Caillemotte did not speak (for her mother's voluble consolations were poured forth unceasingly), but her mournful countenance and glistening eye sufficiently attested the sensibility of her feelings. Some time elapsed before the torrent of Lady Pendarvis's sorrow abated; and her heart was then so much softened by the friendly condolences of her new friends, that she at once opened to them the source of her grief, and related the loss of her son, the young Edward Pendarvis.

"Since that time," she continued, "the sun has set upon my happiness, — days, months, and years, have passed away, bearing upon their wings my sorrows

and complaints. The sight of a mother blessed with a goodly son ever awakens me to the remembrance of my forlorn — my desolate — my childless condition."

"Be at peace, my dear madame," replied Madame Caillemotte, in whom, notwithstanding her vivacity, there was a good deal of solid religion. "You do not know what God hath yet in store for you. Look not always on the cloud, forgetful of the refulgent orb which glows behind, and which, when the cloud disperses, will shed on you healing and happiness. Your son may yet live."

"Ah! no, no," returned Lady Pendarvis; "many years are past since he left St. Omer's. Were he alive, he would not—he could not so long have kept me in this dreadful suspense."

"A thousand circumstances might occur to prevent any communication," answered Madame Caillemotte, with a desire to comfort her. "Though alive, he may have become a prisoner,—he may have been seized with a desire to travel.

How many men are there who have left their friends for years, and have re-appeared? The world is open to men of enterprise, and they will pursue the stars of their ambition."

"He must have fallen," said Lady Pendarvis. "It was said he had joined the army."

"Conclude not upon that he is dead," returned Madame Caillemotte with vivacity; "rather believe that the noble youth withholds a discovery of himself until he can show his friends that he has built up his own fortune. Courage, my dear madame; you have been blinded by grief, and have looked upon the dark side of the picture too long."

"You would persuade me against hope," said the lady of Plas Mawr, with a heavy sigh.

"It is by persuading the soldier that he will conquer," replied Madame Caillemotte, "that we excite him to fight with courage; at least this is our French maxim."

"You encourage me in vain," said Lady Pendarvis, laying her hand upon her breast: "the weight which hath lain here for so long a time cannot now be removed."

"It can, it shall," cried Madame Caillemotte earnestly. "Julie shall play and sing for you, and talk with you about the young Edouard, whom we will have still alive, and fighting the battles of honour. *En vérité*, my dear madame, I must leave your hospitable roof shortly, for if Monsieur Edouard should return while we are here, I should have great fear of losing my Julie."

Mademoiselle Caillemotte felt her ears tingle, notwithstanding that she knew her mother merely spoke thus to console the lady of Plas Mawr, who, for the first time, raised her head and smiled; but her countenance soon deepened into its usual gloom, and she covered her face with her hands to hide those tears which thoughts so tender had caused to flow.

"But be patient, my dear friend," said Madame Caillemotte, "and we will unravel this mystery. I have friends in France; we will make inquiries after this young Télémaque."

"Ah, he was the pride of the country," said Lady Pendarvis, with the pardonable fondness of a mother. "So lovely —so noble spirited. Alas! it was his high temper that sent him abroad. He would not submit to the authority of Mr. Pendarvis."

"Eh bien!" said Madame Caillemotte, "then Monsieur Edouard is not the son of the present Monsieur Pendarvis."

"No," answered the Lady of Plas Mawr, "he is the son of my first husband, the late Sir Edward Pendarvis."

"I see, I see," said the Frenchwoman: "the rule of a beau-père was not to be borne."

"He preferred quitting home to submission," returned Lady Pendarvis; "and we concluded to send him for a time to Saint Omer's, where we thought — ah,

how vainly! — he would learn wisdom and proper discipline."

"At Saint Omer's, my dear madame," said Madame Caillemotte, "the youth would more easily be confirmed in his rebellion than instructed in condescension. There he would meet with young spirits as fiery and imprudent as himself, who would applaud his self-banishment as an act of generous and courageous independence. But now let us enjoy the day. Come, madame, we will visit your grounds, and admire your gardens. So fine an hour should not be lost."

"I seldom venture out at this time," said Lady Pendarvis; "but ——"

"Yes, yes, my dear Lady Pendarvis," said Madame Caillemotte; "but we will overcome this sad and melancholy feeling, — we will no longer have you moped in the house. I will now become your tutelary genius, and the shades of hypochondriacism will vanish before my ægis. Bestir yourself, Julie; I fear I shall have more patients than I thought of."

The bustling Frenchwoman, with the assistance of Lady Pendarvis's woman, soon arrayed her for walking, and they proceeded to the terrace in front of the house, which commanded a fine view of the sea, and the harbour of Llancoch. The ship was now riding at anchor within the bay, with her colours flying, and being a vessel of considerable force made a very gay and warlike appearance, and on the Twr Vawr, a flag had been hoisted, signifying that it was then a royal depôt. From the terrace, a scene of quiet and retired beauty, the ladies could see without hearing the bustle of the coast: the shouts of the sailors, when they listened attentively, might be distinguished like the murmurings of a distant river; whilst they could be seen mounting the yards and tops, and doing their duties about the vessel with perfect distinctness. The red ridge of Clawd Coch now lay like a huge monster upon the almost motionless sea, which broke with gentle waves upon its foot.

The ladies walked several turns upon the terrace without speaking, Lady Pendarvis being silent from habit, and Madame Caillemotte from the intense enjoyment which animated her at the sight of such a scene of majestic beauty. Mademoiselle Caillemotte was also touched with the enchanting prospect, and involuntarily confessed she had never seen so delightful a prospect before. This piece of homage, however, awakened the love of country in her mother, who said, "Yes, Julie, this is indeed a charming scene, but you have seen a finer; oh, yes, my Julie, you have seen our little retreat at Montmirail."

"We love Margny," replied her lovely daughter, "because we spent four happy years there with my dear father, the short interval between his quitting the French and entering the Dutch service. Ah! I shall ever adore our little cottage."

"Yes, Julie, ever," said her mother, with enthusiasm.

"But Margny had no sea view," continued Julie Caillemotte; "it had no mountain prospect. A little river, and a few swelling hills."

"Ah, Julie," interrupted her mother, "but that river bordered with white cottages, and those hills covered with the richest vines! how lovely! how interesting! When our dear Caillemotte walked out with us in an evening, and we beheld the paysans dancing on the turf to the sound of the dulcimer, when all seemed so happy.—Ah, Julie, it is the mind, mon enfant, that makes the scene enchanting or hateful."

She squeezed the hand of her daughter, and for a moment their recollections of past happiness absorbed all other thoughts; but the vivacity of Madame Caillemotte soon broke out afresh, and she said, "But what thinks Lady Pendarvis of this fine prospect? No doubt but that it surpasses all others."

"I once thought so," replied Lady Elain, "when my young Edward formed

a part of its beauty. But since his flight, until this day, I have not beheld the sun shine upon Plas Mawr."

"But your pleasures shall return," said Madame Caillemotte; "we will exorcise the spirit of melancholy that has so long been resident with you."

Lady Pendarvis shook her head, and turning round to Madame Caillemotte said, with an air of great grief, "Should my son live, should he return, what shall I see him? Will his military service have taught him submission and respect to his father — to Mr. Pendarvis? Will he, more readily than when a boy, bend his spirit to his father's direction, and sacrifice his own inclinations to the peace of his mother? Oh! I fear not — I fear not. Will he not rather return hardened by war, uncontrollable and dangerous, headstrong and forward to avenge whatever his heated mind may have construed into injuries? I tremble with apprehension even while I die of despair."

"My dear madame," said Madame Caillemotte, "it is the somewhat unhappy humour of natives of this country to dwell on their griefs too curiously. How differently would a Frenchwoman think in your case! 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' saith Scripture, and why should one anticipate unhappiness which may never occur? Hope for the return of Monsieur Edouard; with all my heart I hope for it too, — but do not fear that his return will bring with it sorrow. You have had sorrow enough, — recollect that very good passage of one of your poets,

> 'No joy so great, but runneth to an end,
> Nor hap so hard but may, in fine, amend.'

En vérité, my dear madame, we are by nature the children of hope. We catch at every straw that is likely to further our happiness, — despair and melancholy are alien to humanity. The English," she continued with a smile, "are notoriously a nation of free-thinkers, but in this respect their independence is bizarre."

" It was upon this spot," said Lady Pendarvis, who, lost in her own imaginations, had not heard the philosophy of her friend, " that I last saw him, — then a fair and gentle youth, whom to know was to love. How changed he may be now !"

" For the better, no doubt," said Madame Caillemotte ; " fourteen is a pretty age, but four-and-twenty is one of more interest. Is it not, Julie ?"

She turned round for the reply of her daughter, but found that Mademoiselle Caillemotte had left them, and although she raised her voice, and called Julie several times, no answer was returned, nor did the absentee appear.

" Etourdie," cried Madame Caillemotte, in a pet. " The girl has rambled among the rocks, and will fall into some danger. — Julie ! ma bonne !"

" Shall we follow Mademoiselle Caillemotte ?" said Lady Pendarvis.

" No, my dear madame, not a foot," answered her mother ; " she knows I am

not easily alarmed, and frequently tries my courage. No — let her find her way back. If I were to show anxiety, she would have the jest against me. Besides, she is sufficiently prudent. She is a Frenchwoman, and has attained her twentieth year."

"But if you have any secret fears," said Lady Pendarvis, "I will call one of the servants to follow Mademoiselle Caillemotte."

"By no means; I trust there is no real danger which she can run into," said Madame Caillemotte.

"None that I am acquainted with," answered the Lady of Plas Mawr. "She is doubtless gone into the garden at the side-gate, or towards the bank of the river."

"You are right; you are right;" said Madame Caillemotte, with great archness; and, as they were near the garden-gate, she drew slily towards it, and peeped through the railing — "Ah! I see her — no — yes — no — it is a juniper; my eyes

are bad; I thought it had been Julie's green gown. Ah! now I have her — yes, yes,—look here, my dear Lady Pendarvis, in the middle of the parterre; it is surely my Julie."

To gratify her, Lady Pendarvis looked in the direction she pointed out, but was unable to discover the lovely fugitive. Astonished at her imperfection of sight, Madame Caillemotte used every means, short of proceeding to the spot, of indicating to her friend the place where her daughter stood.

"Look there, madam!" she cried, pointing with her finger. "Ah, now she is running away. Mon cœur! I see as plain as I see the sun — in the very middle of the grass plot."

"The object you see there," replied Lady Pendarvis, quietly, "is a statue of Mercury."

"Mercure!" exclaimed the good-humoured Frenchwoman, bursting into a loud peal of laughter; "nay, then I must give up my judgment of perspective —

ha, ha, ha, — to convert a leaden statue of the god of thieves into ma chere Julie! How much amused she would be! But, if you please, my good lady, we will walk through your garden. My knowledge of botany is very confined, but I make up for my ignorance by the excess of my love for flowers. You are perhaps a scientific florist?"

"Not at all," replied Lady Pendarvis; "I scarcely know the flowers by name, except the most common."

"Ah, quelle pitié!" said Madame Caillemotte, leading the way into the flower-garden. Approaching a fine bed of carnations, which were in full blow, she stooped down to admire one of most exquisite beauty; "I know no flower of the genus dianthus caryophillus, or l'œillet, so superb, so graceful, so elegant, as le feu-soyer. It is this, my dear madame; the present king of France, in his portrait by Rigaud, bears one in his hand."

Walking forwards, she noticed another flower, saying, "you call this crysanthe-

mum, the flower of gold of the Greeks. It is a native of Sicily. Ha! le rosier à cent feuilles — and here a native of my country, the single yellow rose, which grows wild upon the mountains of France." She plucked one, and placed it in her breast, and proceeded to descant on all the shrubs and flowers of the garden in that historical kind of manner, which, if it were not scientific, at least showed that she was pretty intimately acquainted with the names, hues, &c. of the parterre beauties.

As it would most likely be as uninteresting to read the remarks of the lively French lady as it is to write them, we will leave Lady Pendarvis and her friend to their own company, and follow the fugitive Julie.

CHAP. VI.

" Life's smoothest gloss is like the sphere of
Archimedes framed, and fill'd with stars,
As fraile as faire : for the least storm, alas !
That raps it snaps it, and the pleasure mars."
Memorials of Mortality.

THE mystery of Mademoiselle Caillemotte's disappearance requires some explanation, and we are very willing to let our readers into the secret. We have already, in describing the house and grounds of Plas Mawr, stated that the carriage-road ran through an avenue of old and stately trees ; but we did not perhaps say, that it approached within thirty or forty yards of the terrace, upon which the ladies were taking their exercise. At the moment when recollection of her son caused Lady Pendarvis to be so strongly moved, that her attention was occupied by her own sorrows, and that of Madame Caillemotte in administering consolation,

the eye of Julie rested upon the figure of a man who was half hid behind the trees. It was he who brought her ashore, Captain Delafosse, and whom, although clad in a rough coat of the country, Julie did not fail soon to recognise. At the next turn which the ladies made, she hung behind, and waving her lover, for we may venture to call him so, off the the ground, she hesitated for a moment to observe whether she were missed, and then quitted the terrace. Delafosse led the way across a woody part of the park, and passing the river over a rude stone bridge, Julie followed him into a wild dell, which, from being the seat of a spring or well-head, was called by the natives *Nant gwyrfai*, or the Vale of Freshwater. Here he paused, and taking the hand of his mistress, gazed upon her for a considerable time in silence, as if about to break to her some intelligence which it cost him much trouble to impart. He was silent so long, that Julie first spoke, and enquired how he had got his liberty?

"By using the means when I enjoyed them, Julie," replied Delafosse; "once ashore and unfettered, and no longer a prisoner."

"Are your companions free?" said Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"Not yet," answered her lover. "They are caged in the old tower of Llancoch, with a guard over them. But in such a prison they are at large. Julie, I part hence to-night."

"To-night!" replied his mistress, with marked astonishment.

"To-night Julie," continued Delafosse; "to-night I must go, or never. On the beach I told you that here there was no safety for me; I have been in jeopardy since the moment I set foot on Welsh ground."

"I repeat to you, Delafosse," said Mademoiselle Caillemotte, "I am sure my father will procure your liberty. Think not that, because he has passed from the service of the French to that of the English monarch, he can so soon for-

get his brothers of another service. He is a Frenchman still. How can he be unmindful of the hours, the days, the months of happiness which we spent together at Margny! ah, how mal-à-propos the bigotry of King Louis, which banished his faithful soldiers for a difference of religious forms."

"We should not call it mal-à-propos, Julie," said her lover, "since it hath brought us once more together."

"Together, yes!" replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "it brought us together in the perils of shipwreck, — you a prisoner of war, and me a fugitive from its dangers and misery. But who would have thought of meeting Gaston Delafosse among the squadrons of the wild Irish?"

"Is it singular that I should seek advancement where it was to be found?" said Delafosse, "or should regret a service which would bring me nearer a certain ——"

"Divinity, at least," replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte, with a smile; "very gallant indeed. You really improve, Delafosse, in politeness; our last meeting was not so complimentary."

"It was sincere, Julie," answered her lover, with emphasis. "Since that hour I have wished ten thousand times my eyes had been closed in death, or my body sold to slavery, rather than I should have seen Margny or its inhabitants."

"Indeed, sir," said the lovely Julie, with a faltering voice and pale cheek.

"Yes, indeed," replied Delafosse; "I came to Montmirail, if not with a gay and buoyant spirit, at least without a great degree of care, — my hours were spent in the cultivation of that knowledge capable of serving me in my profession."

"My dear Delafosse, don't be so tedious," said his mistress, a little spitefully; "you know you told me all this a long time ago. Being quartered at Montmirail, you chanced to meet me

there; and having as good an opinion of your personal attractions, as most other young cornets, you thought proper to make a few demonstrations."

"Julie, Julie, — How can you trifle thus?" said Delafosse.

"I am quite serious," answered his mistress, with assumed naïveté. "Well, sir, you then proposed for me in form, but my father being unwilling to part with his only child to an officer of your rank, rejected your offer. Thus foiled, you besought me to run away with you, and on my refusal, promised to banish me for ever from your memory. How have you kept your word?"

"As all other men must have done," answered Delafosse. "I have loved you a thousand times better than before."

"And yet, my very consistent monsieur, you wished you had never beheld me," said the smiling girl.

"Had I not cause, Julie?" said her lover. "The duties of service, which, before I knew you, had been delightful,

grew irksome. — My own thoughts were a burthen to me. — I left Margny cursing my hard fortune, and railing against you, your father, and my own folly. I determined to resign my commission and quit France. For this purpose I went to Paris, and tendered my resignation to the Minister at War, who offered me a lieutenancy in the troops then being raised for the Irish expedition. At first, having learnt that Duke Schomberg accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, and knowing that your father would follow him, I declined this commission ; I resolved never again to put myself within your power."

" And you concluded by accepting the minister's offer," said Julie, " for the very reason that it afforded you some chance of meeting me again. I suppose this is all very natural, let philosophers say what they please."

" You may laugh, Mademoiselle Caillemotte," said her lover, seriously.

"Am I at liberty?" replied his mistress; "will you not again threaten me with eternal indifference?"

"My indifference! — that of a poor lieutenant will be of little moment to the high-born and lovely Julie," said her lover.

"Poor Delafosse! you are much neglected," said Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "the high-born and lovely Julie is so chary of herself as to encounter a private meeting with the man to whose passion she is indifferent. This is another of your conclusions."

"I am perhaps wrong," said Delafosse, holding her hand in both of his; "I am doubtless so in thinking that you love me, Julie."

He paused, and gazed upon his mistress with the air of a criminal awaiting his sentence, and resolving to bear it with firmness. The fair Julie smiled, and turned away her head; but Delafosse pursued his inquiry. "Tell me if I am

wrong; — tell me that I have been blinded thus long by a fond and foolish delusion, that had no grounds except in my own witless brain. — Tell me I am a dolt, a fool of the first class."

"That would scarcely be polite," replied his mistress.

"But it would be honest, Julie," returned Delafosse. "Let me not thus cruelly flatter myself with hopes which you are resolved never to gratify. Say you will never be mine. — The words may destroy me; but better fall at once than gradually waste with the canker-worm of suspense."

"I am like a parrot, Delafosse," said his mistress, "I cannot speak of myself. Do you tell me what I am to say, and I will repeat after you."

"Julie, Julie, your levity will drive me mad," cried her lover, impatiently. "Are you arrived at this age?"

"Oh dear, oh fie! Monsieur Delafosse," cried Julie; "speak to a lady of

her age! Monstrous! I thought you had been better bred!"

"This is not to be borne," exclaimed Delafosse, dropping her hand and walking hastily to and fro; — "to treat a passion so serious and sincere with laughter and scorn. Hear me, Julie, for the last time."

"Monsieur, I am all attention," replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"Will you listen to me seriously and affectionately?" said her lover; "or do you put on this mockery to banish me your presence? Yes or no?"

"How am I to answer?" said Julie, wilfully.

"Farewell," said her lover, approaching her and kissing her hand. "Farewell for ever. You will see me no more, Julie; but though distant and despised, I will not cease to protect you; and you will need protection, Julie; but my arm is strong."

"You talk in parables," said Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"Farewell, sweet Julie!" said her lover: "if you should hear that I have fallen ——"

Mademoiselle Caillemotte endeavoured to smile, but the tears ran down her cheeks, and she leaned on the shoulder of her lover for support. Her playfulness was gone, her vizard fell, and Delafosse perceived instantly the triumph which nature obtained over the little artifices of the sex. For some time both remained mute, but when Julie had in some measure overcome her emotion, she said, "Delafosse! whither go you, and wherefore do you speak of my need of protection, as if some dreadful, though invisible danger hung over me?"

"Julie," replied her lover, "I besought you at Margny to become mine. I repeat that entreaty now with ten-fold eagerness. I have sought this interview for the mere purpose of once more trying your affection. Will you follow me, or must we now part for ever?"

"Would you have me abandon my mother?" replied Mademoiselle Caille-

motte; "would you desire that I should leave her to die of grief for the ingratitude, the disobedience, the unfeeling selfishness of her daughter? No, Delafosse, for me you shall not have to blush. I will endure the grief of separation, if it must be so; but I cannot endure the shame — the bitterness of self-reproach. But whither go you? tell me, Delafosse."

"I go where I can render service to the cause of my master," answered her lover.

"You distrust me then," said Julie, with a look of reproach; "you fear I would betray your confidence."

"I distrust you, Julie! I fear treachery from you!" exclaimed Delafosse; "you cannot believe it. To night—"

A loud whistle, similar to that used by the boatswain to pipe hands on deck, interrupted the further confession of Delafosse, who, embracing his mistress with great ardour, said, "I am called, Julie; we must part at present, but—"

"Good heaven! what signal is this?" cried his mistress. "Now do I fear indeed."

"You have nought to fear," answered her lover, "be confident in my protection. But now we must part."

"Yet stay one moment," said his mistress. But a second whistle forbade further delay, and Delafosse said, "Fly, Julie, or we shall be discovered; that signal betokens the approach of a foe."

"I go," replied Julie, greatly agitated. "Ah! Delafosse! you are dangerously leagued. For my sake use caution, — farewell."

She flew from the dell with the speed of a doe, and her lover walked hastily toward that part of it whence the whistle proceeded. He had scarcely gained the covert before he was 'aware of five merry men,' as the old ballads say, entering the little valley; and whilst he awaited their passing, hid beneath the thick shade of the trees, he was joined by the scout who had kept his watch. It was Owain

Drwndwn, who, in his mantle of dusky green, could scarcely be distinguished from the mottled trunks of the trees. He threw himself on a little knoll among the copsewood, and remained silent, but watched with eyes as keen as those of Delafosse the persons who were passing the dell. These latter conversed as they walked in a loud and open manner, and Delafosse soon distinguished that he was the subject of their discourse.

"The honour of a Frenchman," said one of them, in whose voice Delafosse recollected the haughty tones of the English officer of the guard, "will not be soon book'd, after this flight of the prisoner Delafosse. At such a time as this, a man of honour would have held himself as on parole."

"A parfait miscreant!" said another, whose foreign accent denoted him to be one of the officers of Cambon's regiment. "No doubt un brigand, he has played his trick vilainement — diablement. It is the same dog of a scoundrel

that refused to cede Mademoiselle Caillemotte to my protection, and bade me stand off at my proper peril. Ha, le pendard! I will place his throat in jeopardy, bigar, when I see his face, coquin. I had believed the rascal was in love with the beautiful Julie, but if he had been, he would not have proved le fuyard."

"The gentleman, le Capitaine Delafosse," said another, in a more courteous tone, and halting nearly opposite the place where Delafosse was concealed, "if such be his name and rank, has, in my very humble judgment, acted as most other men would have done in his case. I cannot, for all Monsieur Burdet may say, see that he has tarnished his own or the French honour. He was bound by no parole — he was under no durance, and it is an established maxim of the laws of war that you may consider a man as prisoner no longer than you have him actually or morally captive. How was he situated, messieurs? why, par ma foi, so that his guard could not afford

him protection, much less restrain his liberty; and from what I hear, in place of charging the gallant soldier with a breach of honour, it becomes his guards to give thanks next to God to his courage and constancy for their own lives."

"You are partial to your countryman," said the English officer.

"So I may, monsieur le capitaine," answered the veteran, who even in his warmth did not forget his politeness; "so I may, but the object is deserving. He is an enemy, but let all brave men do justice to each other. We do not contend, messieurs, in a personal quarrel — no such thing — we fight the battles of our sovereigns, and let us always respect and love the fine qualities, though displayed by our antagonists. This is the creed of every true soldier."

"We will spare you the trouble of further lecture," said Burdet, haughtily.

"Pardon me, monsieur," replied Coquincourt, with invincible calmness.

"This is a subject upon which I should hope there would be no cause of quarrel. I lecture you not as one in authority, but as an old soldier should instruct the rising brothers of the camp. Yet I fear no man, monsieur; I have fought twenty duels; — my sword is in my hand."

He brought his rapier forward with an air of easy confidence, and after smiling rather cynically, turned to one of his companions, the Lord of Plas Mawr, and said, "I trust, Monsieur Pendarvis, you will not deem me uncourteous in this affair. You may perceive I had not intention of personally offending Monsieur le Capitaine Burdet, and that it became me, as a man of honour, to offer him satisfaction, which he does not seem disposed to accept."

"I perceive no quarrel existing between us," said the Englishman, whose cheek shame dyed with scarlet, "or I should not be slow of demanding that which you are so ready to accord. But, in my

judgment, there is little sport in fighting for straws."

"I agree with you entirely, monsieur le capitaine," said Coquincourt, with an arch shrug of the shoulders. "Though not averse to do mon devoir, I agree with you that discretion is the best part of valour, — our hearts once pierced cannot be healed."

"You mistake me, sir," replied Burdet, impatiently; "on a proper occasion I will hazard myself as freely as you or any man."

"I have no doubt of it," replied the provoking Frenchman. "I beg you, monsieur, not to mistake me in your turn, — I have nothing to say about your courage. Heaven is my witness, I know nothing of it."

"My courage," returned Burdet, whose spirit, excited by shame and resentment, would not check at offering any insult, however gross, to his opponent, "has hitherto been exercised only in the field. I have not been much used to that sys-

tem of bullying and brawling which displays more noise than real danger. Your Bobadils of the duel crack a loud whip, but they're devilish shy at taking the fence."

"Hey day, monsieur le capitaine!" exclaimed Coquincourt, with a smile, "you talk at random. What have these Bobadils of the duel, as you call them, and whose courage is doubtless of inferior metal to your own, — what have they to do with cracking whips and leaping fences? Monsieur Pendarvis! Ribaudier! can you explain? I am in total darkness;" he paused, and looked at Burdet as if awaiting a reply; but as the Englishman was silent, he proceeded; "If you mean, monsieur le capitaine, that I, a duellist, bark where I durst not bite, — to use a simile as elegant as your own, — I repeat, that I am here ready to engage you in mortal combat with as much pleasure as I shall eat my dinner at our respectable host's."

He unbuckled his sword, and drawing, threw the scabbard on the turf, whilst Burdet, whose impatience was raised to a pitch of fury, did the like, and was proceeding to the assault, when Pendarvis placed himself between them. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "hold your hands. Put up your swords. Messieurs Ribaudier and Du Puy! lend me your aid, — I will not stand by and see blood drawn on a quarrel so idle. — Gentlemen, put up."

"With all my heart," said Coquincourt, upon whom the vigour, address, and hot spirit of his adversary had produced their effect. "If monsieur le capitaine is satisfied, so am I. I am his humble servant either to fight or be at peace."

But Burdet made no reply. He did indeed sheath his sword and buckle it on, but his eyes sparkled with fire, and his whole appearance declared, that if his spirit was not so soon aroused as that of

Captain Coquincourt, it was much more difficult to subdue.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Pendarvis, "let us proceed homeward and wash away this difference after the English fashion, in a bottle of good claret."

"Allons, messieurs," said Coquincourt, with great good humour; and they proceeded on their walk and passed the valley. Delafosse and his companion awaited their departure, and then came forth from their lurking places, and walked quickly towards the high road. For some time neither spoke, each seeming desirous of making his ground good; but when they had crossed the turnpike, and had gained the bank of the river, which ran above the Tull du, they slackened their pace, being under less fear of observation. Delafosse, whose brow did not bespeak the most serene of spirits, still remained silent, and appeared to be much more deeply engaged in some mental debate than in paying attention to the beautiful scenery

around. Owain with the broken nose had also been labouring under the power of cogitation; for, with an air which denoted baffled sagacity, he said, "What dule could have put it into the squire's head to take the road through Nant Gwyrfai?"

"Is it not the nearer way?" said Delafosse, aroused by the soliloquy of the Welshman.

"It is the nearer way," replied Owain Drwndwn, "but a way that Watkin Pendarvis has no love to travel. Hur likes the highway — hur fears the glen."

"Wherefore doth he so?" said Delafosse.

"Wherefore?" returned Owain, with the snort of a true mountaineer, "because hur thinks hur throat safe where there must be witnesses of hur murder."

"He is no favourite in the country, I fancy," said Delafosse.

The Welshman, stooping to the ground, plucked a sprig of nightshade, and held it before his companion.

"Look at this," said Drwndwn. "It is the poisonous nightshade; and yet I know many, and Owain Drwndwn for

one, that would feast upon it, rather than grasp the hand of that tyrant. Owain could trample in hur blood," continued the fierce mountaineer, casting the weed away with great violence. "Hur has had the power — hur has seen the oppressor humbled before hur, — ay, master, before Owain, who is forced to skulk in the woods, — but the time was not come."

"The time — what time?" said Delafosse, earnestly.

"Of the robber's fall," said Drwndwn. "Hur now is on the deck — hur lords it in state — hur plunders and oppresses: now is hur a tyrant. But hur soon shall be in the billow — hur shall struggle and shriek; but if no bold hand will knock out hur brains — no other — trust this hand for the murderer's fate."

"You speak boldly, but I do not understand you," said the French officer.

Owain Drwndwn was silent for a few minutes, not because he had nothing to say, but the conflict of passion in the un-

tameable Welshman was so fierce, that he struggled unavailingly to utter his conceptions. They walked on and arrived at the upper part of the Tull du, where the black cataract leapt over its bed of granite. The mountaineer laid his hand upon his companion, and pointing to the precipice which was the scene of his mother's death, he said, "Here, captain, on this spot did Owain's mother fall victim to Watkin Pendarvis. Hur had been to Cyff Elian to curse hur oppressor, and fell over that rock, — the body that bore hur through the tyranny of that accursed spoiler, was dashed to pieces. But the widow of Ogwen cursed hur."

He uttered the latter sentence with a bitter smile, which bespoke full confidence in the efficacy of his mother's malediction; and not being interrupted by his companion, who, indeed, seemed wholly absorbed in his own thoughts, and only occasionally threw away a look or a word upon him, he continued, in a subdued tone, "Ay, ay, Squire Pendarvis, the

word of the seer is out against hur. Hur thinks young Edward will be no more troublesome; hur thinks the worms have feasted on hur kinsman's son: but the widow of Ogwen said hur would live and return."

"Who is he you speak of?" said Delafosse.

"Hur speaks of Sir Jorwerth's son," answered Owa n Drwndwn; "hur speaks of Edward Pendarvis — of hur who is the right heir to Plas Mawr, and all this fair land that Watkin has robbed hur of. The tale is long, but hur must know, this man married the widow of the old knight, Sir Jorwerth, and banished hur son the country, to get his wealth. Hur sent the lad to France, and says hur died there; but the whole country believe hur lives, and will recover hur right. The widow of Ogwen said so, and hur knew the future."

"You speak of marvellous things," replied his companion, with a smile of incredulity; "but perhaps the oppres-

sions of Mr. Pendarvis may have raised up this story to his prejudice."

"Hur speaks the truth," said Owain, emphatically; "hur speaks with the tongue of the whole country; hur speaks with the voice of hur mother. Owain Goch will say the same."

"Is Owain commonly near Llancoch?" said the stranger.

"No, Owain is free of the country," replied Drwndwn; "but hur has been here often since the smuggler came."

"Where does he hide usually?" said Delafosse.

"Hide!" exclaimed the Welshman, contemptuously; "hur never hides — Owain Goch never fears to show hur face. If hur means what part of Wales does the chieftain love, it is the blue ridge of the mountains of Merioneth, the purple heath, the silver stream and the Llyn."

"Are his followers numerous?" said the Frenchman.

The Welshman pointed to a tree, and with some pride said, "They are like the

leaves of that oak in number, and like its trunk in strength; they are the last of the heroes."

"Are his fastnesses strong?" said Delafosse.

"Is the nest of the eagle secure?" replied Owain. "The holds of Owain Goch are as strong as rocks and mountain-paths can make them. Without knowledge of the country, no man may gain hur hold. Owain Goch would crush an invader with the loose stones of the mountains."

"But he cannot always endure his rocky den?" said Delafosse.

"Hur does not live there," answered Drwndwn. "It is only when hur is hotly followed that hur seeks hur hiding. Hur is known in the vales, and has stout backsmen among the gentry."

"Is he a good captain to follow?" said the French officer.

"Owain Goch is as bold a chief as ever griped to a steel sword," answered Drwndwn. "Hur is rough and somewhat hard when hur blood's stirring; so are

all men that have crossed weapon with foe. What of that? Hur's so much the fitter to go through with hur work; and hur's an open hand when the spoil's won. What should hur followers seek more?"

"You sound his trumpet," said Delafosse; "and I trust he will play no lower a hand than you have set him. But where are his followers now?"

"Hur was ordered," said the trusty Welshman, "by hur chief to escort Captain Delafosse, and hur has done hur duty. Hur chief did not tell hur to reveal hur secrets."

The brow of the young officer assumed a dark and threatening character; but he speedily dismissed his anger, and praised the discretion of his companion. The compliments of the Frenchman, however, did not appear to excite much attention in Drwndwn, who walked sullenly by his side, and eyed him with a countenance which indicated that he had detected a spy and an enemy. He now concluded that his companion had (to use

an elegant phrase) pumped him in those inquiries which he had made respecting the strength and haunts of Owain Goch, and that chieftain's character; and he resolved not only to have an eye upon the motions of the French captain, but also to inform his leader of his suspicions. Thus resolved, he conducted Delafosse through the vale of Tull du, and was more than once tempted to blow out his brains as he walked before him; and, by making short work of it, preserve his chief and clan from danger. But his naturally cautious temper corrected this hasty ebullition of fidelity, and he concluded to leave the disposition of the inquisitive stranger to the fiat of Owain Goch himself. Emerging from the black cliff, they gained the sand hills, or open ground, which bordered the shore adjacent to the cottage of Will Watch in the Craig y porth; and Owain Drwndwn once more opened his mouth. It was with a rather reproachful sneer that he said, "Hur may tell Captain Delafosse that hur will find

Owain Goch at Plas y traeth; and if hur still wishes to know where the chief's followers are fixed, hur can best tell hurself."

The Frenchman smiled at the warning defiance of his companion, and said, "Well, well, Owain, I doubt not that your chief and I will be very good friends. I care not where Owain Goch hides his men, be it in his pocket or his hat crown, so that he has them fit for action when need presses."

"Pocket! hat crown!" exclaimed Drwndwn, with superlative scorn; "five hundred men! For charity, Master Delafosse, hur will caution hur to speak lower before Owain Goch. Hur is young, and Owain Goch is of a hot temper. Pocket! hat crown! By Saint Elian and Saint David, hur would leave hur neither hat nor head."

Delafosse laughed outright at the indignation of Owain with the broken nose, whose rage at length assumed an irrepressible and dangerous character.

He drew a pistol from his belt, which was concealed beneath his large cloak, and presented it at Delafosse, whose hilarity experienced a check at this warlike manœuvre, although his courage by no means forsook him. "Put up your weapon, Owain," said the Frenchman, with calm gravity, "and employ it against your chieftain's foes, not against his officer and comrade. Beware how this folly comes to the ears of Gwyndyr. I say, beware, for your life may answer it."

He turned away from the conscious Owain, who stood like a post, unable to answer or to move from the spot, and proceeded towards the Woodhead. Drwndwn, after a few moments' recollection, replaced his pistol in his belt, and, with some apprehension that he had gone too far, followed the French officer to the Craig y porth.

CHAP. VII.

"*Pist.* Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire." *King Hen. IV.*

On attaining the top of the road which descended from the Woodhead to the beach, Delafosse found the Craig y porth a scene of unusual bustle. Several boats were moored to the shore, and beat off and on with the surge; and at a little distance, at anchor, was the smuggler's stout built, fast-sailing pinnace, which was kept in deep water, to be ready for some appointed excursion. The pinnace's hands were seated around a table near the door of the cabin, soaking themselves with spirits, and puffing clouds of tobacco smoke, which served to canopy them from the fierce glare of the sun. Their appearance was by no means pacific. The table not only held drinking utensils, tobacco pouches, and pipes, but the brazen

stock of a pistol, or the rough iron cross-hilt of a cutlass, frequently intermingled with them; and the fur-cap of the mariner overshadowed faces whose hardy and savage character was any thing but prepossessing. Their captain, Watch, and another man stood near the door of the cottage, and seemed engaged in conversation; but it was frequently interrupted by the noisy mirth of his boat's company, whom he was sometimes obliged to call to order.

The French captain, after gazing some moments on this scene, descended to the beach, and joined the smuggler; whilst Owain Drwndwn, who followed at his heels, called the person Watch had conversed with aside: but he did not detain him long, for the stranger, after listening to his communication with a condescending inclination of the head, suddenly broke from him with a look of impatient contempt. "You are welcome to Wales," said this person to Delafosse, "and Wales, I believe, is welcome to you. You were

glad to escape the squall, Captain Delafosse; but you bring us a good omen,—you come amid storm and fury."

The man who spoke, the celebrated Owain Goch, was not so remarkable for his personal appearance as for the intrepidity of his spirit; but his strength was by no means unproportioned to those dangers and exertions which he was frequently called on to undergo. He was of high stature, strongly built, and fair complexioned, with hair of a deep sandy colour, and eyes that betrayed as much of selfish cunning and acuteness as his whole air displayed courage and activity. He had not, as his colleague, the smuggler, who resembled him a good deal in bodily proportion, handsome features; they were harsh, insolent, and indicative of a violent and brutal temper, and accorded well with the sanguinary character of the Welsh chieftain. He was clothed in a seaman's blue jacket, light petticoat, and heavy boots, with a high fox-skin cap, and buff belt, which supported his hanger,

and frequently a brace of pistols. Such was the figure of Owain Goch; and he smiled as he congratulated the French captain on the ominous propitiousness of their fortune.

"The force we have brought, two hundred fellows of good metal and veterans to boot, is an omen of better worth than the coincidence of the storm," said Delafosse. "But where are your followers?"

"They are on the hill and in the valley, at sea and on shore," replied Owain; "they are where the hound cannot track them, but where they are ready at need."

"They are in Great Britain or on the Atlantic," said Delafosse, with some impatience. "I guessed as much before."

"They are at your service, Captain Delafosse," returned the Welsh chief. "But there are too many hearers about us to talk openly."

"Then shove off and be d——d," said one of the boat's crew, who had taken in

his compliment of grog; but he had scarcely given the fiery Welshman this salutation, before he was levelled on the earth by a blow so sudden and powerful, that he could neither defend nor support himself. Owain Goch was nevertheless mistaken in thinking he might use the same supremacy over the hardy smugglers as he exerted over his own band; for the man was no sooner down, than his companions seized their arms, and, but for the interposition of Watch and Delafosse, who with great difficulty overcame their anger, they would have killed the Welsh chieftain on the spot. The shrewd Welshman instantly saw the bad effect this quarrel might have on their affairs, and, pulling out a bag, threw down a piece of gold. He took a cup of liquor, and drank the health of the man he had struck, and held out his hand, which the smuggler accepted and shook. "I'll shake hands with thee," said the fellow, "and fight thee after — thy fist's like a gun-shot; it has nigh shivered

my timbers, old fellow. But I say, my heart, if there's a man among us not worthy, d'ye see, set him to sea in an open boat — let's be all or nothing."

"All or nothing," cried his messmates.

"I say, Watch," continued the nautical orator, "we've not run with ye this ten year to cut at last; we'll stand by ye, my lad, but let's have all clear and above board — no cat's flesh and dog's flesh — a round robin, d'ye see — that's fair and straight."

"I will run ye into no danger that I will not share in," answered Watch.

"Share in!" returned the seaman; "who ever saw Will Watch in danger, and not the first in it. But this man of the mountains shall find it over hard for him to run me, for one, into any squall with blind eyes."

"I do not want your company, blind or seeing," said Owain Goch; "it is devilish little worth."

"Messmates," said Watch, "we have not brought our plans to bear. When we

do, it will be time enough to tell you what they are. So push round the jorum."

"D——n the drop will I take," replied the fellow, who was, in fact, the smuggler's mate. "I'll sooner be run up at the yard-arm than strike sail to this gaustering cock-chaffer. We will follow you, Watch, to the gate of hell; but we'll stand no slush from Owain Goch."

The eyes of the red chieftain flashed fire at the plain dealing of the mate; but as he saw the folly of altercation, he curbed his passion, and remained silent. Will Watch endeavoured to get his hands on board the pinnace, but they would not be commanded, and he was unwilling to exert his authority. Their disregard of the smuggler's orders raised in a moment the smouldering flame of Owain's wrath, and he laid his hand upon his cutlass, saying, "Watch, will you parley with these drunken villains, when you should drive them into the sea? Delafosse,

Owain, Watch, — out sword and on them!"

"Draw, you lubbers!" cried the mate, snatching up his cutlass and pistol from the drinking table; "draw, and come on. Messmates, stand fast."

At the word of his chief, Owain Drwndwn sprang forward and levelled his pistol at the mate; but Watch placed himself between Owain Goch and his mutinous hands, so as to prevent them from coming to action. The mountaineers and seamen, whose naked swords were flourished around their heads, gazed upon each other with the eagerness of bull dogs, that, having had one slip, are restrained from further combat. Delafosse made great exertions to pacify the adversaries; he flattered and threatened, used the terms of commendation and contempt alternately to reduce them to submission and reconciliation.

"Put up, Gwyndyr," said the Frenchman to Owain Goch; "would you mar

our cause — a cause of so great importance, for a foolish brawl? Put up, good fellows! I will explain every thing to your wishes. Are you so fond of fighting? We will find you opportunities forthwith."

"Bid the swab lay down his arms," cried the mate. "We'll clip his coxcomb for as proud as he is. And Drwndwn there, we'll set his nose straight if he comes to the tug."

"Come, messmates!" said Will Watch, seriously, "now you've had your fling; turn to and ship, or I shall put on the Grand Turk. Walk away, walk away there — aboard ship."

The men now perceived that Watch was in earnest; but their rage against Gwyndyr still prevented their compliance with his orders, and they hesitated whether to continue their attack upon Owain Goch, or to yield obedience to their captain. The mate was most determined; he waved his cutlass fiercely in the air, and swore he would not set

foot on deck, unless, as he expressed it, the Welshman hauled down his flag.

"What!" said Watch, whose anger was now strongly excited, "you are for hoisting the broad pendant, and playing the commodore, are you, Cawkwell? Avast, wear ship — luff up, and bear away, or I'll sink you in a jiffy."

He drew his hanger, and prepared to enforce his orders; but the mate and other mariners instantly sank the points of their cutlasses in the sand.

"Watch!" said the mate, "we don't mean to oppose you."

"You do," answered the smuggler; "or why don't you bear a hand and get aboard."

"We'll have our revenge on that bloody thief," said the mate, raising his cutlass, and pointing to Owain Goch; but Watch, at this menace, made a cut at him with his hanger, and wounded him in the sword-arm. The man, though stunned with the blow, and disabled in the wounded limb, was resolved to have

his revenge; but, nevertheless, turned his rage upon the chieftain instead of his captain. With his left hand he raised his pistol, and would have shot Gwyndyr dead, had not Watch, with a blow of his fist, knocked him down. Owain Goch, who expected that the other seamen would have charged them in defence of their fallen champion, drew his pistols, and made ready to use them, but Watch desired him not to interfere.

"Hold your hand, Gwyndyr!" cried the bold smuggler; "I am able to deal with these fellows, or the devil's in it. What, Taffarel, Blowhard, Jolly, Connell, must I go through with it, hand over fist? You'd better heave to, for I'll shoot wide of you no longer. Strike, you sons of b——s."

The men did not await the attack of their captain, but sullenly threw down their arms.

"I've stuck to you in many a fierce gale," said the mate, rising from the ground, and binding his silk neckerchief

around his wounded arm; "but you've given me my discharge."

"Go to h—ll," cried the smuggler, "you mutinous rascal; if I had you at sea, I'd make you walk the plank."

"It's a lie, Watch," answered the mate with great freedom; "it's a lie — you'd do no such thing. You blow a gale now and then, but you're not a savage. It would be a long spell before you'd draw pistol on a fellow like these two devils."

"Pack up your traps, and get aboard, you lubbers!" said the smuggler, whose anger was cooled by the submission and good nature of the mate; "and let's see you make up for your insolence by double care and activity. The run's for Liverpool, and we must be back by nightfall."

Encouraged by the returning kindness of their captain, the smugglers picked up their arms; and after casting some fierce glances at Gwyndyr and his follower, they unmoored one of the boats, and went aboard the pinnace.

"You do not go this trip?" said Gwyndyr.

"Ay, but I do," replied Watch; "I have a precious cargo lying in Liverpool, and I'll bring it off before I hoist the red flag."

"We scarcely can afford to lose you to-day," said Delafosse; "we have numerous arrangements to make."

"What are your brandies, your silks, and laces, to doing the work we have in hand?" said Owain Goch; "the labour of one day is worth a year's smuggling."

"Gentlemen, by your leave," returned Watch, "you neither know the stuff of my cargo, nor the value of it. It is not foreign merchandize—that I could afford to lose, but a thing of more worth to me, d'ye see, than your cause or any other. If you cannot open the ball without me, you must wait till I bring my partner."

"Why! it is not a woman?" said Gwyndyr.

"But it is," replied Watch; "as fine a rosy, full-breasted wench, as ever was seen on hill or in hollow. If I once hoist sail without having her under my lee, it may be a bloody while before I nose her again. Beside, all Liverpool knows that Kate van Dronk has harboured me in wet and dry, and she may come into peril. I'll have her snug in my own birth, and she shall run the chance with me, fair or foul."

"By her name, your mistress should be a Hollander," said Delafosse.

"Hollander! ay," answered the smuggler; "her father was old Hans van Dronk, skipper and smuggler many a year between Rotterdam and Liverpool. He married his landlady at the Indian Kings, fat Nance Lovelady, the mother of my Kate. But, d'ye see, Nance loved strong waters better than fresh, and so her cable was soon cut: she died one day when Kate was but twelve years old. Old Hans sucked his pipe till last

year, when he parted too, and left Kate commander of the Three Indian Kings."

"A sovereign of extensive dominion," said Delafosse.

"Faith, Captain," continued the smuggler, "there were as many fresh-water fellows cutting capers for Kate, as you would see courtiers about some kings; for, beside that she is as pretty a tight frigate as ever sailed under canvass, she has a golden cargo aboard. Old Hans had saved money; he was a rough-looking piece, but he rung well. But their shot didn't strike — Kate and I had run the rig upon old Van Dronk years before his death, and the smuggler kept the deck spite of all foes. Kate has long wished to be spliced, and now I'll have her."

"Your marriage should have been sooner or later," said Owain Goch. "Your absence will mar our plans; we shall have no time, after your return, to do aught to-night."

"And why not?" replied the smuggler. "There is no need that ye should sit with your arms crossed, because I am away. To your quarters, my lads! and let every one do his duty. I'll do mine."

"Tush, man," exclaimed Gwyndyr, peevishly; "it is not your duty to be skylarking after women, when you should be engaged on His Majesty's service."

"Let me hear those precious words again," said the smuggler, with great warmth; "and I'll not stir hand or foot to serve His Majesty — I'll serve myself first. If King James's affairs suffer loss from my absence, it will be then time enough to show your teeth, Gwyndyr; till then, hold on, my boy."

The chieftain remained silent, and Watch proceeded — "I am now off, but I'll leave the cottage to you; some of my people will be here presently, and will get you what you need; or, stop, I'll try if they're within call." He raised a whistle which hung round his neck, and

blew a shrill note several times repeated, but no one appeared. "The rascals are skylarking, as you call it, too, Gwyndyr; but they'll come up shortly. There's plenty of meat within; so use your bone-polishers, and wash the blacks down your throats with a few stiflers — let my Kate see none of your wry faces."

As he turned to enter one of the boats, he suddenly perceived that there was one more person in company than he was aware of, the inquisitive bailiff, Apsly; who, on being recognised by Watch, simpered, nodded, and inquired whither he was bound in such great haste? It appeared that he either did not know the person of Owain Goch, or was deceived by his disguise, for he made no remarks upon him; and, what was more convincing, he exhibited no signs of extraordinary timidity. The smuggler made no reply to Apsly's question; but, walking up to him, and staring him full in the face, he said, "How the devil did you get here?"

This interrogatory somewhat alarmed the bailiff, but he nevertheless summoned up courage to reply that he had come direct from Plas Mawr.

"And how long have you been here?" thundered out the terrible voice of Gwyndyr.

"Half a minute — no more," replied Apsly, turning to the fierce querist, and regarding him with a look of terror.

"And what brought ye?" cried Watch. "What devil's errand is it forces ye to the tiger's den? Come ye to distrain again, or what come ye for? Why don't you answer?"

To alarm the bailiff the more, he exalted his naturally rough voice, assumed a violent passion, and laid his hand upon the hilt of his hanger; and such an effect had these demonstrations of rage upon the mind of the bailiff, that his teeth chattered in his head, his lips were distended, and he gazed upon the smuggler, unable to utter a syllable.

"D—mn your faces, you son of a monkey," cried Watch; "why don't you speak; what brought you here?"

"His ho—ho—ho—nour," uttered the bailiff; "his ho—ho—nour sent me."

"What! to play the spy and eavesdropper, eh?" cried Gwyndyr.

"No—no—no," answered the tremulous bailiff. "To play—that is to—to request Captain Watch to step up to the hall."

"I'll come," said Gwyndyr. "Tell him I'll be with him presently."

"No, no; not you," interrupted Apsly; "I mean Mr. William Watch here."

"I am Mr. William Watch, you cuckoo-hearted fool!" cried the red chieftain. "What wants Mr. Pendarvis?"

"He wishes to see Mr. William Watch forthwith," said the bailiff, "to pay him the reward he so well earned by his courage last night. The ladies, too, are anxious to thank their deliverer."

"Spin away, my honest fellow!" said Owain Goch, who had already formed his plan; "walk away, and say I'll be at Plas Mawr in the turn of a windlass."

"The message was intended for Mr. William Watch?" said the persevering bailiff; "the Mr. Watch that — imports — merchandize."

"Ay, ay, it's all right, brother," replied Owain, "I'm the man. It was my boat that ran out, and spoiled the grampus's supper by saving the ship's cargo of live stock. I import merchandize — luff up, and bear away; I'll follow in your wake."

"Then you are not the man who was so fortunate?" said Apsly to Watch.

"Hark to the fellow's gab!" cried Gwyndyr; "don't I tell thee I'm the man — Will Watch is my cousin."

The bailiff, though with a fearful heart, still turned towards the smuggler, until at length the patience of Gwyndyr was exhausted, and he applied his foot to Apsly so rudely as to give him a start,

from which he did not think it prudent to recede, and he ran up the hill with all the celerity with which fear could assist him. When he was out of ear-shot Watch laughed heartily, and enquired what Gwyndyr meant by assuming his name.

"I mean to pay his honour a visit," answered the mountaineer. "I am unknown in person to Pendarvis, or any of his company; and I have a strong desire to learn the road into the old hall."

"You will perhaps more easily find a road in than out of Plas Mawr," said Delafosse."

"Let me get in," said Gwyndyr, "and I leave it to fortune to get me out again. But you will accompany me, Captain; you are safe, they cannot know you."

"That won't do," said Watch. "Both the French ladies know the cut of him as well as we do: so does the officer of the guard."

"Well, then, I'll go myself," said Gwyndyr, "the risk's not great."

"It is," said Delafosse, who had no mind that Julie Caillemotte and her mother should be disturbed by the machinations of Owain Goch. "The risk is beyond the occasion: you will do better to give up this scheme, which in my judgment is wilder than the plan of Watch. There is nothing material to His Majesty's interest to be gained by this stratagem, and it can only be accomplished to the neglect of more important matters."

"Nothing to be gained!" said Gwyndyr. "Is not this sly lawyer, Pendarvis, a thorough-going Orangeman? Is he not a barrier, and that a formidable one, against the interest of King James in Wales? Ay, by St. Elian, his policy has hitherto set me at defiance, and I burn to show him that the courage of the mountain warrior is an overmatch for his foxish cunning. He is no Sir Jorwerth; he cares not to handle the sword, but he makes his head supply the place of fifty weapons. Has he not kept this side of the country

in peace, when all Wales beside was a scene of war and ravage?"

"If such be the fact," said Delafosse, "I warn you to beware fighting him with his own weapons. Trust, Owain Goch, to your native courage and strength, — to the power of your followers, — but avoid throwing down the sword to engage in the labyrinths of crooked and deceitful stratagem. You will be foiled, surprised, perhaps lost in the encounter."

"Tush, Captain, I will try;" answered the red chieftain, impatiently; "at least I will reconnoitre the ground."

"And when you have done so," said the French officer, "when you have gained all the information you seek for, what will be the result? What is your end in this reconnoissance?"

"Think you the spoils of Plas Mawr are not worth the rouping?" said Owain Goch, with the smile of a true marauder.

"Mark you me, Mr. Gwyndyr!" replied the young soldier, with great seriousness; "I come here as the officer of

King James, to endeavour, assisted by you, to raise the standard of loyalty in Wales. I do not come to join in the plunder of private property. Our war is against the Prince of Orange."

"And the men of his faction," said Owain Goch, "if we are to be restrained to fighting with their soldiers only, I will draw off at once."

"It is against the rules of war among all civilized nations," said Delafosse, "to seek public reparation in the ruin of private individuals."

"I belong to no civilized nation," answered Gwyndyr proudly; "I and my followers are like the wild beasts of the desert — like the hill-fox, that comes down from his den to appease his hunger in the barn-yard of the lowlands; — I am at war with all but those who pay for my alliance."

"King James has bought your service," said Delafosse, "and it will render him none to spoil the houses of his subjects."

"Do you call Pendarvis the subject of King James?" said Owain Goch.

"The first turn of affairs favourable to our party would make him so," replied Delafosse.

"I wait not for that — I do not wish for his alliance," cried Gwyndyr; "let him remain an Orangeman and the king's foe, — I personally hate the sneaking villain, and I will tell him so with my sword at his throat."

"Not while I stand by, Mr. Gwyndyr," said the young Frenchman.

"While you or any man," answered the chieftain; "if your king stood by."

"I must not hear His Majesty's name treated with irreverence," said Delafosse. "It is surely improper and indecent to make King James a party to our personal altercation."

"Captain Delafosse," said Gwyndyr, "I know nothing of the forms and ceremonies of society; I will not be bound by them. Your king needs my service; if he will have it, both he and his officers

must conform to my usage. I tell ye frankly, — in joining your faction, I seek the reward of my own courage. If I were to lie still, what man in Wales durst stir? I give your party a chance of doing somewhat for the king's interest; I give my own followers a chance of exertion for mine. I am now in arms, and whether you accept of my alliance or not, I will work my own will."

"Your power frees you from restraint," said Delafosse; "but I protest on the king's behalf against the system of robbery which you seek to uphold."

At this declaration, the eyes of the chieftain were turned upon Delafosse with an expression of fierce resentment; and Watch, who had taken no part in their controversy, perceived that something fatal might occur, unless he could break it off. He therefore intreated them to desist, and remain friends.

"Don't quarrel," said the smuggler; "the curmudgeon's not worth a hard word

between two such heroes as you. I'd join with a good will in any scheme to sink the beggarly rascal; but d'ye see, Gwyndyr, his wife, the Lady Elain, has done a world of good for the country, and it won't do to bring her into the broil."

"I know nothing of his wife," answered Owain Goch, sulkily. "In time of war we are not to busy ourselves in examining the characters of people, in selecting this or that person as an object of compassion; they are all our foes, and subject to the chances of warfare in equal degree. This is my creed, and I will know no other."

Perceiving that no amelioration of Owain Goch's temper could be effected by argument or intreaty, the French officer gave up the task, and left him to pursue his own schemes, fully determined, however, when the proper time should arrive, to oppose him to the uttermost. He now perceived that plunder was the sole object which Gwyndyr had in view in seeking to raise the flame of civil war

in the principality ; that he had no more fondness in fact for the government of King James than that of his rival, and that it was probable, if matters had been reversed, he would have taken as much pains to excite rebellion against the Stuart, as he had done against King William. War was his desire, his object, and his interest. In peace he and his followers must sink from their present station of powerful warriors to that less imposing one of shepherds on the mountains ; and Delafosse concluded that the Welsh chieftain would not be restrained by any ties of honour from seeking to carry on the war for his own private advantage, even when Wales should be virtually recovered to the rule of his master. Gwyndyr, however, was at present too strongly supported to suffer any check, and too acute to be politically opposed, except with the greatest caution and discretion ; he was, moreover, so essential at this time to the Stuart interest, that it was impossible to advance a step in the cause they were

engaged in, unless he lent them his powerful aid. This the chieftain knew, and their dependance upon him gave him a haughty importance, which his natural sagacity taught him as much as possible to conceal. It was only in moments of irritation that he betrayed the vanity and imperiousness which his situation generated. He knew, and well appreciated the talents and courage of Captain Delafosse, whose reputation, though a very young man, inspired him with respect. Had his colleague been a man of more imbecile character, or of less experience in the art military, the insolence of Owain Goch would have known no bounds.

The smuggler, at length, beholding the horizon clear, and trusting that it would not again be darkened by the storms of passion which had lowered upon his friends, jumped into the boat, and pushed off towards the pinnace, exclaiming, as he used the scull, "Kate has the tow-rope, but I'll be back with you before night; let's have the sky clear, and all straight,

my hearts. If a storm's over head, Kitty will think she's going to Davy at twenty knots."

He reached the pinnace, and mounted the side. The hands instantly hoisted sail, and the vessel stood out of the bay with a fresh wind and favourable tide. Delafosse continued to watch her until she tacked, doubled the eastern headland, and disappeared. He then walked towards the cottage.

"So, Captain, you will not venture with me?" said Gwyndyr.

"I have told you my mind," replied the French officer; "and I caution you to beware how you put your head into the lion's mouth."

"Well, sir, I must run the hazard," returned the Welsh chieftain. — Drwndwn!"

His follower, who had stood respectfully at a distance, came forward, and enquired his will.

"Attend upon this gentleman," said

Owain Goch; "serve him with heart and hand service, as you would me."

Drwndwn bowed assent; and his chief proceeded up the hill towards Plas Mawr, whilst Delafosse, attended by Owain with the broken nose, entered the cottage.

CHAP. VIII.

"This fellow is a fellow of much licence."
Measure for Measure.

With an indifference which spurned at danger, Owain Goch made his appearance at Plas Mawr, and presented himself before Mr. Pendarvis and his guests with that hardy and impenetrable effrontery which characterized him. His rough and warlike appearance imposed a degree of awe upon all present, and in complimenting the supposed seaman upon his intrepidity and nautical skill, Pendarvis treated him with more ceremony than he had intended.

"But you are not the man who lives at Craig y porth," said Pendarvis; "my bailiff tells me I mistook your person; you are Watch's kinsman."

"I am his brother's son, if my mother tells truth," replied the fearless chieftain.

"We were bred on the same hearth, and have run over many a league of salt water together, before Will Watch came here."

"But your tongue shows you of this country," said Pendarvis; "you are a Welshman born."

"Cursed be I in the hour I deny it!" said Owain Goch. "I am a Welshman. We sailed out of Milford, and traded to the West India settlements."

"But you do not now sail out of Milford?" said Pendarvis, with an arch smile, which he intended to betoken his knowledge of the smuggling transactions of Watch; "nor trade to the West India settlements?—You do not now go so far from home?"

"Your honour's right," answered Owain Goch, who did not comprehend the significant smile of Pendarvis. "We have lately run over to Rotterdam, and traded with old Cornelius Vandries for strong waters."

"You have run," replied Pendarvis, seriously; "but I must counsel you to

abandon that illicit traffic. Your good conduct in this perilous affair calls on me to overlook the past, but in future ——"

"Blood of my body! what mean you?" cried Owain, with irrepressible impatience. "Illicit traffic! I am no smuggler; and whatever rascal says I am, has abused your honour, and I will rattle his bones."

"Good fellow!" said Captain Coquincourt, whose decorum was much scandalized at the violence of the supposed smuggler, "don't talk so loud; you are in presence of gentlemen; you dim the lustre of your past merit by this unseasonable turbulence; — you will be heard very well if you speak lower."

"If your honour will tell me where to pitch my voice, I'll do my best to hit your note," replied Owain, with a sneer, "though I'm a bard of no mark."

The impudence of this taunt threw Pendarvis and his friends into great astonishment. Coquincourt, who had more particular cause of offence than the others,

seemed, however, least surprised, and merely smiled scornfully upon the insolent Welshman. The French lieutenant, Ribaudier, took the quarrel upon himself, and swore, that, had not the hospitable roof of Mr. Pendarvis protected the supposed Watch, he would have thrown him through the window.

"The window, mounseer, is high," replied the mountaineer, scanning first the casement, and then the lieutenant, with a calm and supercilious glance, "and I am a heavy man; if you would show your strength try something practicable; let the rock alone."

This reproof brought the scarlet into the cheeks of Ribaudier, who grinned with rage; but Mr. Pendarvis interfered, and prevented an actual affray.

"This insolence, Watch," said Pendarvis, with great sternness, "very much detracts from your former service; I will not, however, withhold the reward, which, nevertheless, I should be justified in doing."

" If this gentleman will accept it," said Owain Goch, pointing towards Ribaudier, " it is his. All parties will be as well pleased if the money goes into his pocket: I give it him with all my soul."

At this reply Ribaudier broke out into the most horrid imprecations which his wrath could suggest, and they were no little increased by the English officer, Burdet, bursting into a peal of laughter. Burdet was in fact no little pleased at the cavalier manner in which the Frenchmen were treated by Owain, and their consequent mortification; and although Ribaudier deeply felt the lash of the Englishman's ridicule, yet at present there was no opportunity afforded him of taking notice of it. But Captain Coquincourt came to his assistance in this dilemma, and said, with great gravity, " that with submission to the more brilliant imagination of Captain Burdet, he could see nothing to laugh at in the des-

picable insolence of a low-bred ruffian." Burdet made no reply to this observation, but continued his mirth to the very great annoyance of Coquincourt and his countrymen. It was not so, however, with the mountaineer, whose rage, upon hearing himself so contemptuously characterized, had nearly betrayed him to his foes. His hand involuntarily sought his cutlass, and Ribaudier, who had advanced towards him with the intention of shouldering him out of the room, drew hastily back, on beholding the fierce resolution of his countenance.

"Low-bred ruffian!" muttered Owain. "Do you call the free eagle or the hooded hawk the nobler bird? By the soul of my father, the best man here, with another at his back, durst not have said as much on the naked heath."

"Hush, sirrah!" cried Pendarvis, "be silent here, or I must have you better taught; it were well that you knew your place; it is not for such as you to banter gentlemen. Be silent, unless you

are spoken to, and then answer modestly."

He had scarcely concluded, and the impatience of Owain Goch was at its height, when Lady Pendarvis, accompanied by Madame and Mademoiselle Caillemotte, entered the hall from the terrace. The former, not having before met the officers, was introduced by her husband to them, and they in return paid their compliments to the French ladies. The eyes of Owain Goch during this time were fixed on one object. With such a gaze as a Goth or Hun would have beheld some Roman virgin of exquisite beauty, with the same passionate desire of possessing it, with the same disregard of the means by which it might be had, and the same savage resolution of acquiring it by any means, did the semi-barbarian, Owain Goch, gaze upon, desire, and determine to achieve the lovely Julie Caillemotte. His late anger and the cause of it were at once forgotten; he heard her speak, and he was transformed from a

fierce and savage warrior to a listening, motionless statue. His cutlass, which he had grasped, fell from his hand, and he stifled the loud play of his lungs, that he might the more clearly hear the sweet sounds of his idol's voice. He was yet in this listening mood, when Mr. Pendarvis, who now wished to be rid of him, drew out his purse, and counting twenty pieces of gold, put them into his hand, saying: "Go, Watch! there is your reward. Your insolence and improper behaviour prevent these ladies from showing you any countenance."

The mountaineer did not hear, but he held his hand mechanically open, still gazing upon Mademoiselle Caillemotte; and made no attempt to stir.

"Why do you wait?" said Pendarvis; "are you not satisfied?"

The chieftain for a moment turned his eye upon him, but it speedily reverted to the lady, who having now caught his eager glances, began to be somewhat abashed. Yet pride had as much to do in her re-

serve as timidity, and a slight frown was added to the heightened colour of her cheek. Mr. Pendarvis observed this change in his lovely guest, and taking Owain by the arm, he would have conducted him to the door, and said with great warmth, "You must quit the hall; you have received more than your desert; you have your reward in hand."

"D—n the vile dross!" cried the mountaineer, throwing the gold violently on the floor. "In the storm last night you would have been more civil."

"Pour charité," exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, looking at Owain for the first time, "this is not the brave fellow that saved us last night from shipwreck?"

"Yes, madame, it is," replied Captain Burdet; "and he seems to know it; —a very odd fellow, I assure you, madame, as brave as a lion, but as impudent as the devil."

This information speedily awoke the friendly spirit of the elder French lady, and in a great measure dispelled the

frowns and reserve of her daughter. They complimented, in the highest terms, the gallantry and humanity of their supposed deliverer, and offered him presents of very considerable value. But the pride or conscience of Owain Goch would not suffer him to receive their acknowledgments. He already felt that delicacy which makes a lover hold himself debased by betraying avarice in the presence of his mistress; and he had also a certain kind of disdain of receiving pecuniary recompense for services which he had not performed. Both the ladies were struck with this disinterestedness; and Madame Caillemotte was urgent to know in what way they could testify their gratitude.

"I have saved ye from death," said Owain Goch, advancing towards Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "give me this lock of hair."

With unceremonious rudeness, he seized one of the long and beautiful curls which fell upon the neck of Julie Caillemotte, who, somewhat alarmed by his

manner, caught hold of her mother's arm. Captain Coquincourt and the Ensign Du Puy instantly interfered, and bade the mountaineer release his prisoner; but he was too deeply interested in the fair object before his eyes to pay any attention to them. His gaze wandered over her person with unrestrained licence, as one might imagine our first sire looked upon his newly created bride, and his hand, gently falling, reposed upon the neck of the terrified maiden.

"Ruffian!" exclaimed the chivalrous Coquincourt, seizing him by the breast, and endeavouring to tear him from Mademoiselle Caillemotte. "Sacré dieu! villain! give way."

But the mountaineer scarcely felt the slight grasp of the French captain before; with his left hand, he threw him to a considerable distance, and with unbroken calmness repeated his request. The swords of the French officers immediately leaped from their scabbards, and a work of blood must have commenced

but for the interposition of Madame Caillemotte, who, suddenly pulling out a small pair of scissors, cut off the lock which had occasioned the affray, and left it in the hand of Owain Goch.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen," said Madame Caillemotte. "This good man's request is rather bizarre, but he is deserving of much more than a lock of hair — what is une touffe, messieurs? He shall have all the hair on my head, if he desires it. But you shall accept something of more worth, Master Pilot."

"I will accept nothing more," replied Gwyndyr, who had placed the curl in his breast. "You have nought worth my having, but one thing."

"What is it?" cried Madame Caillemotte, earnestly.

"That you will scarcely give him, madame," said Burdet with a smile. "The fellow wants the remaining part of the beautiful object of which his impudence has gained a part. But I say, my jolly mate, the lovely Julie has

hardly learned to brew flip and measure grog."

The mountaineer cast a glance of scorn upon the English captain, who said, "By Jove, thou'rt a high-bred dog for the commander of a fish-boat."

"I have commanded five hundred better men than you," answered Owain Goch.

"Better men for thy purposes, no doubt," returned Burdet. "But let me warn ye, friend, to behave discreetly while I'm on this coast — no running and rapping — I have forborne ye much for the service you have done, though I agree with our good host, that your insolence has cancelled your former merit. If I take ye on the sharp, I will make sharp work with ye."

"By St. Elian, a better saint than Jove," replied the mountaineer, with a calm but fierce smile; "by the hills of my country, and the name of my fathers, I shall swim in joy when I meet thee on any hostile errand."

"Your voice hath warning in it," said Lady Pendarvis, who had hitherto with unmoved sadness gazed upon this singular scene. "You perhaps do not know it, but it sounds of the deeds of woe."

"It sounds of the pride of Wales," replied Owain Goch, whose courage responded to the melancholy superstition of Lady Pendarvis; "of the courage of her sons — let our foes beware our wrath."

"Heaven preserve our peace!" said Lady Elain; "I have lost much, but I have yet much left."

"Those who have lost may gain," said the mountaineer; "but lose or win, I will never stoop my head to the son of another soil."

"Thou art young and bold," said Lady Pendarvis; "the seal of manhood is still fresh upon you, but the green sod lies upon many a breast which contained courage as ardent as yours. Young man,

let not your passions be a raging fire, they will consume you, body and soul."

"I am the harp of my country," returned the chieftain; "strike me, — and you raise the song of death."

With this haughty reply, Owain Goch strode out of the hall, without deigning any mark of respect to Pendarvis or his friends; and as he crossed the terrace to descend into the avenue, snuffing the mountain air, and shaking off the trammels of disguise, he encountered the cunning and insinuating bailiff, who, although fearful of his wild and boisterous humour, knew sufficiently well the open heart and hand of the mariner, and reckoned upon drawing into his own pocket some portion of the reward which he concluded the supposed smuggler had received from his master. Unfortunately for Apsly he could not have fallen upon a time more unpropitious to his designs. The natural insolence and intractability of Gwyndyr were now tenfold augmented by his quarrel with the officers; and his

new bias towards Mademoiselle Caillemotte, upon whom his mind was at the moment so strongly set, that he did not recognize the bailiff, not only indisposed him to think of money matters, but urged him to solitude and temporary misanthropy. It was therefore with little cordiality that he returned the nod of the justice clerk, who, perceiving that he did not mean to come the civil thing without being requested, entreated him to slacken his pace.

"Allow me, Master Watch," said the bailiff, with a smirk, "to bid ye welcome to Plas Mawr. You would be the better of a cup of ale, if ye had not been better served. A vynno vôd yn Gryvyved Gwrw, he that would be strong, drink ale, as our proverb sayth."

"The well-head will serve my turn," answered Owain Goch, sternly.

"Ah, Master Watch," pursued Apsly, not daunted by the short answer of his companion, "your mind is on somewhat else than ale or water. You are a fortu-

nate man, but your boldness is worthy of its reward."

"So is your wisdom," returned the mountaineer, drily.

"His worship's a man of humanity," said Apsly, pulling a long face; "the bowels of his compassion were moved last night when he heard of the fearful situation of His Majesty's ship."

"How if she had been a merchantman?" said Owain Goch.

"A shrewd question, Master Watch, but in these matters one must not be too inquisitive, "replied Apsly. "You acted as became a bold heart and a skilful seaman, and I wot you claimed and received the reward promised by his worship; you earned it well, as I can testify — never saw such a storm since my name was Apsly — thunder and lightning — mountain billows — pitch darkness — tide setting on the coast — rocks a-head — body o'me, you deserved a thousand pounds."

"And what thinkst thou I got?" said Gwyndyr.

"I would you would let me tithe it," replied Apsly.

"Not for all your dirty office has gained you," returned Owain Goch, fiercely.

"Indeed, Master Watch!" said the bailiff, emphatically marking his surprise, for he now imagined his companion had been more bountifully rewarded than he expected. "You are perhaps not much conversant with the common usage in these cases — some acknowledgment — some small gratuity — is commonly made — at the party's pleasure, Master Watch, — understand me — at the party's pleasure of course, not otherwise for the world. I give you the hint, because you might be ignorant of what is usual."

"Not at all, master bailiff," answered the chieftain, putting his hand in his breast and drawing slowly thence the lock of Mademoiselle Caillemotte's hair, which he held up to his companion, saying, "Look, sirrah, stretch your eyes, and behold the reward of last night's

service! How many of these hairs do you claim?"

"Hairs!" exclaimed the disappointed bailiff, who began to suspect that the avarice of his companion would not suffer him to part with his money, and the suspicion somewhat curled his lip with contempt. "Hairs! Master Watch — you jest — old cocks are not to be caught sitting — the dust isn't strong enough to put my eyes out — your reward was paid in coin, not hairs — good sterling gold; there is no need of this trick to save your money — you may keep it, or give it as you like best."

"May I, Mr. Lawyer?" replied Owain Goch; "I thank you for your consent. You are, like the rest of your dirty breed, mighty free with other folks' goods."

"Nay, Mr. Watch," said the fearful bailiff, who, observing the rising anger of his companion, recollected his late punishment, "I do not dictate — I only —"

"Wish to finger a few crowns as the regular fee of a Jack-in-office," said Owain Goch.

"And if I should say yes," returned the bailiff, "I might do so with reason." He descended the steps of the terrace, and beckoned his companion, who followed him down the avenue which ran near to the river's bank, and he continued; "Let nobody hear us, Master Watch, but I am your creditor for matters ye little dream of. Think ye, I, that have my eyes every where, do not know of your running concerns down at the Craig y porth? ay, marry, but I have been as silent as death."

"And death might have silenced you if you had been talkative," said Gwyndyr. "But this brag is nought but your own prate; who gave Pendarvis his information that I ran my goods, and that Will Watch, my kinsman, worked the same oar? eh, you devil's offspring! who was the informer? By St. Elian, no mother's son but your self."

"Nay, marry — not I — indeed not I," answered the terrified bailiff, "I wouldn't have made mischief between you for twenty pound."

"Thou'rt a liar," cried Owain Goch, griping him by the throat, and shaking him until he was nearly black in the face. "Thou knowst not me, for all thy cunning, but I know thee, base born rascal; I know that thou wilt sculk, and pimp, and drop at the eaves — and thou wilt play the false witness against thy neighbour — any villainy which tongue can utter wilt thou do to catch a cross of coin. I say, knave, thou knowst not me — but in the night or in the day — in the wood or in the hall — in bed or at board, I am at thine elbow. Thou can'st not think but I shall know thy thought — forget me — remember not that I am; wretch, dare to speak of me, and though thou art at thy prayers, I will pistol thee."

Amazed at the mysteriousness of his companion's language, the bailiff's super-

stition induced him to seek for that member of his body, by the deformity of which the evil spirit is vulgarly said to be detected; but the huge sea-boots worn by Owain Goch prevented him from coming to any satisfactory conclusion on that head. He was, however, sufficiently terrified, and now only sought to make his escape without casting away another thought upon his object in waylaying his companion.

Fearful that if he awaited another paroxysm of Gwyndyr's fury, he might enjoy the pleasure of a cold bath in the river, he only stayed to say that he would avoid making any reference to him or his kinsman, Will Watch, in future; and, slipping away from the grasp of the mountaineer, quickly vanished from his sight. Owain Goch smiled scornfully as Apsly ran up the steps of the terrace, and turning upon his heel, walked down the avenue, whistling one of his native strains. On emerging from the park, he bent his steps towards the smuggler's

cottage, and pursued his way through the Tull du, and afterwards among the wild gorse and sand-hills by a sort of mechanical resolution, his mind being wholly absorbed by the contemplation of that bright image which had subjected to her sway his fierce and unbending soul. Of love, we mean that pure and benevolent passion which is at least as anxious for the happiness of its object as for its own gratification, Owain Goch had not an idea; he did not contemplate the feelings of her whom he coveted; his desires were of the same species as hunger, thirst, or any other animal craving which must at all events be satisfied; and he cast about in his mind how to obtain his ends, in the same manner that he would have done to secure the means of his ordinary subsistence. And his active mind was not long in fabricating a scheme which seemed to bid fair for the accomplishment of his purpose. The war once begun, and he determined a single night should not

intervene before the flambeau of revolt was fired, and he proposed to select the mansion of Plas Mawr as a point of attack. To this service he resolved to dedicate his own powers and those of his followers, without seeking the assistance of Delafosse or Watch, both of whom, he perceived, were particularly averse from such a measure. The mansion, he concluded, open and undefended as it was, could make no resistance to his coup-de-main, and he hugged himself upon the conquest of the fair Julie, as the reward of his dangers and his valour. To this arrangement he no sooner came than the cloud cleared away from his brow, and he strode away on the beaten path, or skipped over the inequalities of the ground, with the agility of a buck. It was now mid-day, and the vertical sun shining upon the sand, converted it into a mass of blazing and sparkling silver. The eyes of the mountaineer, accustomed to the brown surface of the Merioneth hills, bore with pain and inconvenience

the dazzling reflection, and he was frequently obliged to turn his sight from the ground to the unclouded azure of the heavens, or the dusky green of the distant sea. Occasionally his eye rested with pleasure and refreshment upon the grove of trees occupying the summit of the woodhead, but a hollow or curve in the road again robbed him of his object, and placed before him the hard and unshadowed mirror of the sand. He at length arrived at the top of the hill above Craig y porth, and, nearly blinded, threw himself on a knoll beneath the canopy of an old and widely-spreading sycamore. Hence he gazed upon the scene below — the little bay, the rocky haven, and the cottage of the smuggler, in front of which, at the table lately occupied by the sailors of Watch, sat two men in mariners' habits, whom he concluded to be part of the establishment. His own follower, Owain with the broken nose, sauntered upon the beach, and amused himself with seeking for crabs among the

low rocks that were covered with tangled sea-weed. His eye, satisfied with an excursive survey of these objects, eagerly sought the person of his colleague, the bold but wary Frenchman, Delafosse. He looked towards the cottage, but could not see him, and scanned every part of the landscape, and as far as his eye could reach upon the water, but his observation could detect no sign of that person of whom he was ignorantly the rival. He had concluded he was in the cottage, and had sprung upon his feet to descend the hill, when, almost at his elbow, and with a look intently fixed upon him, he beheld the person he sought after. Owain Goch was a man of perfect coolness and self-confidence; but his consciousness that he had something to conceal from his companions, gave him at this rencontre an air of reserve and embarrassment which might have been increased by the enquiries of Delafosse. But happily the Frenchman was not curious enough to apply the question to

Gwyndyr, and his indifference saved the Welshman from the torture, or prevented a new quarrel.

"I came to meet you, Gwyndyr," said Delafosse. "I would have asked you to proceed to the village, but I see your walk has knocked you up."

"Knocked me down, Captain!" replied the chieftain. "Jumping over these cursed sand-pits is ten to one a worse exercise than mounting Snowdon or Cader Idris. The heath is firm to your foot — the sand is as shifting as the wind. But why should I go to Llancoch?"

"To see the disposition of Burdet's guard, and of the company of Cambon's that is there," answered Delafosse. "I would go myself, but I should be marked and limboed — they know me well."

"I will go," replied Gwyndyr; "Jones will have a shrewd guess how the land lies. The leaders are all snug at Plas Mawr. By heaven, I wish old Sir Jorwerth was at the head of the table this day, instead of that milky-livered villain,

Watkin Pendarvis. They would be so drunk, we should only need to draw and fall on."

"It is better as it is," returned Delafosse. "I repeat, that it is not our object to invade the sanctuary of private houses."

"And I repeat — but let it pass," cried Owain Goch; "when the sword's drawn, and the arrow notch'd, Captain Delafosse, we will see where they will light. Watch will return with the ebb, and it will not be past six o'clock. You will see me back long before then."

"I trust so; I have yet to learn where the brave followers of Owain Goch are," said the French captain. "Methinks there is some want of confidence in this protracted secrecy."

"The light of the sun," said Owain, pointing to the brilliant luminary, "seldom gilds the bonnets of my men. Look at the trees, the bushes, the copses; fancy they are Welsh mountaineers armed for slaughter; and believe that, with a

single note of my horn, or shot of my pistol, I can effect the transformation."

He did not stay to hear the reply of Delafosse, whose dissatisfaction was apparent, but once more bent his steps along the sandy path, and pursuing a track nearly parallel with the sea, made the best of his way to Llancoch."

CHAP. IX.

"Make me a grave in yon channel sae deep,
Lay a stone at my head and another at my feet,
That there I may lie, and take a long sleep;
And adieu to my fause luve for ever."

CROMEK's *Galloway Songs*.

A WALK of a mile and a half, in a direct line, brought the Welsh chieftain within a stone's cast of the Twr Vawr of Llancoch, upon the ruinous top of which he beheld several of the prisoners, who, it appeared, were only confined below; or, to speak more strictly, prevented from escaping by any other means than that of actual flight. They gazed upon him as he passed by, but he was fearful of recognising them, lest he should excite the suspicion of the sentries, two of whom paced silently beneath the ivy-covered buttresses of the ancient fortress. The voice of Colonel Teague O'Regan, who,

despite of his paunch and his infirmities, had managed to carry himself to the battlements, Gwyndyr could hear distinctly; and from a little bank at the side of the road, he could discern the Irish hero engaged in his usual pursuits of smoking and vociferous botheration, the latter of which he applied to one of the guard, who, it seemed, was desirous that he should descend from his sublimity. Gwyndyr, however, did not stay to see or hear the conclusion of their dispute, but continued his march, and speedily arrived at the further part of the village, where, upon the sea-bank, the sign of Rowna Jones displayed the elegance of its Silver Salmon. A tent or marquee had been set up on a green plot beside the house, and the baggage of the soldiers, piled within, was secured by the presence of a sentry. The remainder both of Burdet's and Coquincourt's companies had either strolled up to the castle, into the village, or were fulfilling the practice of the gens-d'armes in drunkenness and dissi-

pation at the Silver Salmon. On entering the house, Gwyndyr found the principal apartment filled with the military, who were engaged, variously grouped, in gambling, drinking, or singing songs of no very decent composition. English and French were mixed, and not easily discriminated in person. The surest method of distinguishing them was to observe their several inclinations, and it was not long before the thirst of gaming betrayed the Gaul, and the thirst of liquor the Briton. The guests, such as they were, afforded plenty of employment to the gentle Rowna and her amiable daughter; but the fiery blood of these children of Eve, was frequently put in extraordinary motion by the imperiousness or strict discipline of the soldiery. The warriors, it is true, paid for their liquor, because the economical Rowna esteemed it prodigality to waste chalk, and in consequence refused to let them touch her brandy, until they had paid for it. This system of dealing on the

square occasionally begot disputes; for the men of war talked largely of their honour, whilst Rowna and Winifred would hear of nothing but honesty; and preferred braving the displeasure of their customers for a season, to running the risk of being gammoned (as Pierce Egan would say) out of the ready. The noise was sufficiently interesting to induce Owain Goch to pause at the door, and listen to the tumultuous sounds; but he could make out little else, amid the confusion of tongues, than the fierce altercation of some unfortunate gamester, or the pledges of some drunkard.

"J'ai perdu!" cried a French mousquetaire, with a demoniac grin. "Sacré! deux ecus — tout est perdu. Peste! le diable est à la cornet."

"Cornet!" brawled an Irish drummer beside him, "Bless the cornet is here, or belonging any company with us, grah."

"Ha! voleur! maraud!" cried the Frenchman, "I vill play pour mes dent

de devant, — pour vhat you please — I cry play, play, mon rival, as pleased as I ever cried tue, tue."

"Whilst in another corner, a heavy corporal, whom liquor had nearly laid upon his beam-ends, occasionally roused himself, and sang aloud, —

> "I'll be as merry as ever I can,
> So I drink not away my wit."

"And a devilish witty fellow your mother's son is," cried the drummer, "but I've a mind you've less wit than spirit in you, honey."

"Eh, what's that you say, Phelim?" said the corporal.

"I say as how your courage requires the deep sea lead to measure it," replied the drummer.

"What d'ye mean by that, you son of a bog-trotter?" cried the corporal; "you baby of murphies and buttermilk?"

"Arrah, joy, I say you're a tight fellow," answered Phelim, with a laugh; "you carry your valour cork'd and sealed ni a standing flask, and when it runs low

with ye you open your ammunition-chest. It isn't the first time that a soldier's courage has been made of brandy and gunpowder."

"D—n brandy and gun-powder!" exclaimed the valiant corporal, rising from his seat, and approaching the Hibernian with as much steadiness as he could assume; "do you think I'm drunk, and that I don't know what I'm about, you hedge-begotten bastard? d'ye mean to insult your superior officer, you thumper of sheep's skin?"

"And I'll be after thumping a calf's skin to the boot," replied Phelim, rising also; "if you spend your blarney upon me, grah! I'll tip you the reveille, honey, for I think you're half asleep."

And, suiting the action to the word, Phelim O'Flanigan stretched out his arms as if for the purpose of measuring his distance from the os frontis of his adversary, who, somewhat daunted by the mathematical cast of the drummer, cursed

him for an Irish blackguard, and sat down again.

This fracas was no sooner concluded than the attention of the whole company was drawn to one of the annihilated corporal's companions, who, with a loud but dreadfully hoarse voice, roared out the following ballad, to the tune of the old Grenadier's March:

'Come, let us fill a measure, and drink the rising sun;
King James's light is on the wane, his course is nearly run:
Our valiant king, great William, has won the golden crown;
So up with noble Orange, and Jacobites lie down."

"Will that do, comrades?" said the soldier, when he had sung the verse; "is that the right note?"

"Ay, ay, — go on, — go on," cried all the company, with great plaudits. The fellow took a draught of liquor, and proceeded,

"Drink, drink the noble William, his foes allow his fame,
He won his laurels gallantly in blood, and smoke, and flame;
How great his skill, how well he fought, the Duke D'Orleans can tell,
Who felt his generous courage at bloody Mont Cassel.

" What general so noble ! what noble king so brave !
He gain'd the fiery fight at Mons, he captured Bonn and Grave ;
Let haughty Louis march in pomp, Te Deum let him sing,
Here's health to famous William, our soldier, and our king.

" Wave banners ! wave around him ; he's war's unconquer'd son ;
The blood-stain'd plume of victory our chief has bravely won ;
And with his laurels he has gain'd Great Britain's golden crown ;
So up with noble Orange, and Jacobites lie down."

Whoever has heard Miss Stephens sing her most favourite ballad, and the peals of applause, the enthusiastic bursts of passionate admiration consequent upon such a display of her powers, may have an idea of the cries of delight, the beating, stamping, and clattering approbation, the roaring and bellowing encomiums which were bestowed upon the performance of the hoarse and drunken soldier. His comrades appeared to be beside themselves, to suffer under that mental excitation, we might say derangement, experienced by the French mob at the sound of Ca ira or the Marseillois' hymn. The

whole company had maintained a profound silence during the song; even the dice-box stood still; but no sooner were the words "Jacobites lie down" drawn out with proper euphony, than the spell-bound tongues of the soldiers burst forth like a peal of ordnance, and, drowning all order, shattered and affrighted the astonished ear. Even the nervous and steely chieftain, whose senses were obdurated by the hoarse winds and the mountain torrents of his native wilds, stood in silent wonder, like a thing fascinated, at the overwhelming and deafening explosion. Owain Goch, in common with Rowna and Winifred Jones, had listened to the ballad with that pleasure which all the Welsh feel at the sounds of music; but the women were so much absorbed in the jingle of that fine old tune, that they either did not hear, or did not remark, the hyperbole of the applause. The retentive memory of Winifred instantly caught the tune, and retained most of the words, and the song was

added to that store of her own country ballads, with which she was already familiar.

On awaking from their respective trances of pleasure and astonishment, the women and Owain Goch first recognised each other; for although we have not let our readers into the secret before, we may as well inform them now, that the chief of Merioneth was well known to Jones and his family, who were too well affected towards him, and also too well acquainted with his power and disposition to make their knowledge of him or his haunts a matter of any danger. Jones himself was besides a member of that secret league which existed between Gwyndyr Watch and the emissaries of King James; he was a smuggler, or at least a receiver of contraband goods, and was much relied on by the confederates as a sturdy and valiant, though by no means active or politic, associate. With a nod, which Rowna and her daughter well understood, as significant of his de-

sire not to be noticed by them, Gwyndyr stepped into the room ; but his herculean stature and bulk immediately attracted the gaze of the soldiers, and occasioned several comparisons to be instituted between his length of limb and the more diminutive members of the least-sized soldiers. These were generally of the French nation, who, in height as well as in girth, bore little resemblance to their comrades of Britain. But if they were in body less powerful, in spirit and courage they were by no means inferior to the English ; and to the taunts which the latter threw out in reproach of their insignificance, the irritable Gauls replied with such bitterness, that an open rupture had nearly been the consequence of Gwyndyr's appearance. A part of their wrath was vented upon the chieftain himtain himself; but with such an air of magnanimous contempt as some of our readers may have seen a Newfoundland dog bestow upon a yelping barking puppy, did Owain Goch receive the expres-

sion of the French soldiers' indignation. It seemed, indeed, as if by a gripe of his powerful hands he could have squeezed in the ribs of any of his adversaries. But whatever room for taking offence there might be in the conduct of the French soldiers, the Welsh chieftain was too prudent to take notice of it; and he actually had the forbearance to decline the challenge of a valiant pigmy, who dared him to the field with his single rapier. This forbearance, however, speedily turned the tide of opinion against him. It began to be thought by many of the soldiers that he was a rank coward, a cock of the white feather; and even those who had most extolled him before the Frenchman's challenge were obliged to confess that the spirit of the champion was not equal to his bulk.

"By St. Patrick!' exclaimed the Irish drummer, "and it's what I call a great pity; had this mountain of a carcass half as much sowl as body, devil take me, but he'd have kick'd the jontleman

that sarv'd him with an invitation across the channel."

"Kick'd, morbleu! kick von Frenchman!" exclaimed the challenger, with marked astonishment and indignation; "mort de ma vie, dis un insoolt unpardonable. It is your death to suppose such a ting."

"Faith, grah, I hope not," answered the drummer, laying his hand upon his sword in a matter of course sort of way; "I'm a jontleman, honey, though fortune, bad luck to her, has made me a thumper of sheep-skin, as my friend the corporal says; but if you're minded to filch out your steel, be speedy, my darling, and I'll serve your turn."

The little warrior did not need a repeated invitation, but, baring his sword, he commenced an attack upon the drummer with considerable address and extraordinary agility. The Hibernian having learned a few rudiments of fencing during his service in the army, received him with great coolness, but not being so perfect a

master of the sword as his antagonist, he was constrained to avail himself of other advantages, and after some passes, in which by good fortune no wound was inflicted, although in the assault, the Frenchman had driven the drummer close up to the wall, the Hibernian put an end to the contest, and achieved a victory by throwing in the face of his foe the contents of a half gallon mug of ale, which stood on one of the tables. The little Frenchman was deluged, nearly drowned, by the sudden cascade, and the drummer without opposition stepped up, and disarmed him, and with great magnanimity bestowed upon him his life. The victor's happy expedient, however, was horribly received by all the French soldiers, who rose en masse, and with drawn swords demanded a new combat on the turf, where Mr. Phelim O'Flanigan would be unable to make use of such weapons as that which had been of such signal service to himself, and such ridiculous discomfiture to his opponent. But this

polite invitation was nonplus'd by the Hibernian, who, contented with the laurels which he had won, had no mind to put them and his life together into jeopardy. His refusal exasperated the Frenchmen to madness, and they would have sacrificed Phelim O'Flanigan to the honour of their countryman, had he not been protected by the soldiers of Britain, who drew in his defence. The matter seemed now likely to come to a bloody issue. Swords sprang from their scabbards; daggers gleamed in the sun; cheers and curses were alternately bandied between the parties, and encouraged them to strife. The tall Rowna and her daughter, unused to brawls of so warlike a character, durst not interfere, and Jones himself was not in the house. But at this moment, when the women expected to see the floor deluged with blood, the pride of courage suddenly quieted the tumult. It was the interest of Owain Goch to see the soldiers destroy each other. No better event for

the purposes of the confederates could have happened than the mutual slaughter of all the military present; but a moment full of danger and glory presented itself, and the proud and vain barbarian could not pass it by. To the astonishment of the whole company, the reputed coward drew his cutlass, and striding up the avenue between the hostile parties, he struck up their weapons, and, flourishing his around his head, he bade them put up.

"Stand back," cried the mountaineer, with a frown, which sobered the courage of the boldest soldier; "stand back, and put up your swords. I will cut down the first man that advances a foot."

This threat, though uttered by one man against twenty, brought them to reason. Many were ashamed of having bared their weapons on such an occasion; whilst those who had at Gwyndyr's first appearance praised his form and qualities of action, again backed him, gratified to find their judgment of his courage correct. The Frenchmen alone disregarded his

authority, though they did not proceed so far as to brave his attack. They stood their ground, armed with their naked swords, and ready to fall on; but at sight of Jones, whom Winifred had sought and brought to the aid of the chieftain, they gave up all thoughts of present revenge, and, sheathing their weapons, quitted the house. Many of the English followed, out of a spirit of bravado, desirous of showing their foreign comrades that they had no desire to avoid them. In a short time Gwyndyr, Jones, his wife, and daughter were the sole persons left in the house, with the exception of the drunken corporal, who, during the late fracas, had remained fast asleep with his head reclined on a table, the posture in which he now continued. Gwyndyr clapped him on the shoulder, and endeavoured to awake him, that he might get him out of the house; but the lethargy of drunkenness was too strong upon him to admit of any excitement.

"Hoist him on thy shoulders," said Owain to Jones, "and carry him to the tent; he'll make a part of the baggage."

With the assistance of his wife, Jones raised the dead, heavy weight of the soldier upon his back, and carried him away to the marquee, where, in spite of the remonstrances of the sentry, he disencumbered himself of his load.

When Jones and Rowna had left the house, the chieftain, who was acquainted with the penchant of the strapping Winifred for Will Watch, said to her, with a spice of malicious mischief, "Thou mayst go gather cypress, Winny — Will Watch has stole a march upon thee."

"What has hur to do with Will Watch?" said the girl, who was unwilling to confess her weakness, although it was generally known. "If hur has marched off, hur will march back again, will hur not?"

"Ay, he returns to-night," answered Gwyndyr, carelessly, "and some girl with him."

"Girl! what girl, bless hur heart?" cried Winifred in alarm.

"Eh! oh, some Lancashire witch, they say," continued Owain, with consummate nonchalance, which he increased the more as he saw Winifred agitated. "He will be glad to see thee so careless, Winny, for he feared thou wouldst tear out the sparklers of his pretty bride."

Owain Goch did not look at the object of his mockery, or he would have seen a sight that might have alarmed even him. From that colour of profuse carnation which usually glowed in the healthy cheeks of Winifred Jones, the pang of her heart turned her to the grey and vellum hue of death. Her eye-sight, as if stricken by lightning, became dimmed for a minute entirely, and she leaned over a table which she was in the act of cleaning, faint, helpless, and unnerved as a new-born babe. She did, indeed, recover her strength and her sight without Gwyndyr having discovered that either had failed her; but every chord of her heart

had been riven by the cruel shock she had sustained. But the shock she had suffered, and she mastered her emotion sufficiently to force upon herself the task of inquiring from Gwyndyr such particulars of her lover's defection as should confirm her in a belief of it, or the contrary; and in as steady a tone as she could assume, she asked who the bride of Will Watch was?

"Some richly laden bark of Liverpool," replied Gwyndyr. "Katherine — Katherine — some double Dutch name — Van Drunk, that's the name — Katherine Van Drunk. Her dad kept a lush house on the quay. You will see her, Winny; Will Watch will bring her some day to see thee. She's rather more ship-shape than thou art — not such a sky-scraper."

"Indeed!" cried the girl, with a suppressed groan; "hur will be glad to see hur."

"Devil thou wilt!" replied Owain Goch; "why a pynot will pull another pynot out of her own nest; and thou wilt

swoop her as the eagle of Ben lyn pounces on the dove of Nant Clwydd."

"Hur's rich, and Winifred poor," said the deserted maiden, with great bitterness.

"What boots it? thou will not quail to a Saxon?" said Owain, with unfeeling irony. "Thou art not one of those patient wenches who cry when they lose their sweethearts, Goreu cysgod, cysgod tir." *

The girl did not reply, but looked at him with clenched teeth, and seemed to catch a spirit of revenge from his fierce and malignant character; and her indignation was little pacified by the contemptuous commiseration which the mountaineer affected to bestow upon her.

"Pluck up thy courage, Winny," said he, patting her on the shoulder; "though thou'rt too high for the smuggler's favour, there be as good men will hang their bonnets at thy door."

But the sharp and angry manner in which Winifred threw off his arm, taught

* Earth is the best shelter.

Gwyndyr, perhaps for the first time, that she was not to be trifled with. Yet his reckless cruelty, and contempt of the girl's feelings, would not suffer him to leave her to her own reflections. He found where he could torture, and the savage did not suffer his power to lack use.

"Thou knowest Drwndwn," said Gwyndyr; "a proper fellow, save in his nose, which thou mayst rarely look on. I will take on myself that he marry thee to-morrow, Winny; and a mountain soldier, wench, is as good as a smuggler."

The maiden groaned hard, but she did not speak.

"And, perchance," continued Gwyndyr, "Will Watch may be in the lurch himself. Katherine Van Drunk may jilt the smuggler, as he has jockied thee, Winny. I should be right glad to hear on't — so wouldst thou — but the rebel swears his Kate doats upon him. He's a devil among the wenches, isn't he, wench?

I would thou couldst be avenged on him."

"Avenged on whom?" said Rowna, entering the house. "What is hur putting into the wench's head now? Some devilment, I'm right sure."

"There is no need of instruction in evil," replied Owain Goch, "where there is so able a teacher as Rowna. I was giving Winifred a lesson in virtue — the virtue of revenge."

"Revenge! for what? on whom?" said the wife of Jones. "What should she girl revenge? who has done her wrong?"

"Marry, perhaps no wrong," said Gwyndyr, laughing; "only Will Watch pretended to be limed, but has all at once flown off; he's gone to be married."

"Married!" exclaimed Rowna, with an elevation of voice which marked the strength of her surprise and chagrin; "married! Owain Goch, hur's the pride of Wales, but come not here with a lie in hur mouth."

The eyes of the mountaineer flashed fire at the woman's confidence; but he soon calmed his temper, and replied, "Go down to Craig y porth at eventide, and you will see the wife of the smuggler. But what is't to me? Follow your bent."

"Hur cannot hold it," cried Rowna, with great indignation. "Will Watch married, and not to Winny! If it's so, hur'd better have linked hurself to the devil's dam."

The countenance of the furious Rowna exhibited a striking picture of indulged and unrestrainable passion. Her eyes stood out from her head, and she foamed at the mouth like a mad dog. She fixed her sight upon the ground, and, whilst she grinded her teeth in silence, she appeared to meditate some direful revenge, which should equal the treachery of Watch's defection. We have elsewhere said that Winifred Jones was a maid of fierce and masculine spirit; but now, in the presence of her mother, she seemed a lamb beside a wolf, a kid beside the pan-

ther of the desert. She might, and she did, feel the desertion of her lover with perhaps greater acuteness than her gigantic parent; but it was in silence that she deplored her loss; whilst Rowna, feeling as much indignation that the smuggler should put a slight upon her daughter, as she felt grief at her loss of happiness, made the house resound with threats of vengeance; and her fury was no little increased, when Gwyndyr, who took pleasure in heaping fuel on the fire of her wrath, informed her of the name and rank of the smuggler's bride, and artfully threw in many encomiums on her beauty and amiable character.

"Oh! curse her painted face," cried Rowna. "Hur will warrant hur a ——, though hur never set eye on hur. What! a common bullock seller, a cheapener of seamen's tickets, and forger of wills, — this b—h, in a fine frock and sash, is to turn the wind upon my wench! No, by St. Elian, not quietly. They come home to-night — ay, and a fine

bridal they'll have, — a pretty rocking to rest. We will go meet 'em, Winny; hur shall put on hur best, wench. The smuggler will hardly expect us, but we'll be there."

She clenched her fist with a smile of exulting malice, and seemed seriously bent on mischief; whilst the unfortunate Winifred, instead of catching fire from the rage of her mother, grew momentarily more depressed.

"Cheer up, cheer up, wench," cried her mother, angrily; "thou art not fool enough to lament over the traitor's loss? No, let hur feel thy revenge; let his —— feel it, the proud, artful hussey. Hur seeks our country, let hur feel our vengeance. Cheer up — thou art not in spirits, wench — the news has frabb'd thee; but we'll give Watch and hur bride something to tell of for time to come."

"Hollo!" said her husband, who was attracted into the house by the fierce outcry of his rib, "what's up now? what's

all this pother about? You make as much noise as a flock of geese before a storm."

To this domestic observation Rowna replied, by relating to her husband the defection of the smuggler; but to her great indignation, he received the information with much less surprise and anger than she expected, and he increased her vexation by saying, "Why, d'ye see, wife, Will's not much to blame in this affair; he's hauled his wind, and tacked about. Well, what then? mayn't any seaman do the like? And he's gone on a cruise he liked better than the one you'd have had him; but that's no matter; I had better have gone north about twenty times over than come athwart you."

This remark produced a torrent of abuse from his spouse, but as Jones was a man that did not take much notice of words, so that blows were abstained from, the reproaches of Rowna were suffered to flow on without interruption. When the squall had somewhat abated,

the landlord of the Salmon shook his head, and, with a knowing sneer, said: "I knew what it would come to; a true blue isn't to be choaked against his will; — a dose taken as physic, d'ye see, is never drunk willingly. I know, Rowna, you'd have had Will Watch Winny's husband, with his liking or against it; and Winny courted him too. I saw it all; but it wouldn't do. It was like rowing against wind and tide. The game was against you from starting; if Watch ever wish'd to take the wench in tow, you sicken'd him in quick time."

This exposure of her maternal policy threw Mrs. Jones into a paroxysm of fury, and she almost proceeded further than she was accustomed to do in her struggles with her husband. She laid hands upon a pewter measure, and would have launched it at the head of her consort, had not her dexter paw been arrested in its career by the more prudent and timid Winifred, who recollected, that if that flame

of fury, usually termed the devil, should once be aroused in the paternal breast, it would require more conciliation than her mother possessed to assuage it again. During the foregoing dialogue, and the subsequent assault (we do not say battery), the chieftain of Merioneth stood with his back to the wall, beholding with high glee the excitement of feeling in the women, the indifference of Jones, the fury, revenge, fear, contempt, and other bad passions, which seemed as if they had newly escaped from the box of Pandora, and had taken up their lodgings in the Silver Salmon of Llancoch.

CHAP. X.

" But vain the trust! — In dead of night
The devastator came;
And o'er each neighbouring castle threw
War's all destructive flame." *Athelgiva.*

The sun was setting behind the lofty hills of Caernarvonshire, as Owain Goch returned to the cottage of the smuggler. Jones accompanied him, armed with a heavy hanger and brace of pistols. These arms, he was, however, sufficiently prudent to conceal beneath his ample boat-cloak, which, in common with many of his neighbours, he frequently wore, as well for the purpose of keeping out the heat as the cold, the sun as the rain.

The mellow tints of sunshine grew gradually more shadowy, as Gwyndyr and Jones proceeded towards the Craig y porth; but they still hovered about the turrets of the old tower as they passed by, and gilded the tops of the trees which

surrounded it. All was now still and silent. The battlements were deserted, and no living creature was visible, except the sentinel, who marched to and fro at his post. They halted a moment to reconnoitre the place, but the soldier waved his hand for their departure, and on their hesitating to withdraw, levelled his firelock, upon which symptom of hostility Gwyndyr and his comrade proceeded on their way. The night was rapidly closing in, when they reached the tuft of trees on the wood-head; but they could discern, through the misty twilight, several boats moored to the shore. The waves rolled in, driven upon one another by a stiff northern breeze, and the white surf, which broke upon the beach, betrayed the progress of the tide. The moon did not show herself, and the wind, whistling through the rocks and the cordage of the boats, threatened a stormy and dismal night. It was evident, that Watch was not returned, for his stiff sea-boat was not to be seen, and several seamen

appeared loitering on the strand, as if in expectation of his arrival. A light, strong and ruddy, blazed in the window of the cottage, placed there most probably as a beacon to the smuggler. On descending to the beach, Gwyndyr found the men full of anxiety for the appearance of their captain, whose protracted return foreboded some misfortune; and on entering the cabin, the dark and dissatisfied looks of Delafosse, who lay on a bench, seemed to reproach the chieftain with the length of his own absence. The French captain rose from his recumbent posture, and said, with great acerbity, "Our plans, Mr. Gwyndyr, are, I presume, laid aside; or you and Watch have adopted others to which I am not a party."

"Be satisfied, captain," answered Gwyndyr, with great calmness, "that I have spent no idle minute this day. I deemed it unnecessary to return hither before I prepared my followers for our task. This I have done; our signal is concerted, and now we wait but for Watch to fire our train."

"I fear," said Delafosse, "our ally is more anxious in pursuit of his private pleasures than of our public business. Wherefore should he be detained so late?"

"I cannot tell," answered Gwyndyr; "but Watch is no laggard; he will excuse himself fairly, I'll be sworn. It is well if danger hasn't beset him; he has more heart than head."

"This excursion of his should have been delayed," said Delafosse; "I wish now I had opposed it more strongly."

"Would you cross the course of a wild bull?" said Owain Goch; "Will Watch is one. When he has fixed his eyes, he runs at the mark; you cannot hold nor turn him."

Their conversation was interrupted by the sound of a shot to seaward, which, though distant and dulled by the murmur of the waves, and the wailing of the wind, reverberated distinctly along the rocky shore. Delafosse and his companion had scarcely time to mark the echo, and move towards the door of the cabin, when a second, and

presently a third report warned them of some kind of danger. The men on shore, accompanied by Jones, instantly ran to the boats, and without waiting for Gwyndyr or the French captain, put off to sea, and disappeared in the hazy darkness of the night. The two conspirators were now left alone to speculate on the cause of the firing, which, from the sudden departure of the other men, seemed to have some relation to the smuggler; although, as there was no storm by which his bark could have suffered, they were at a loss to divine the mischance that had befallen him. But they were soon apprised that the peril was of another kind. A bright blaze, which was speedily followed by the report of cannon, and immediately after, a continued and heavy firing, the flashes of which resembled the fitful gleams of the aurora borealis, denoted that a sharp engagement was going forward within a few miles of the bay. But as Gwyndyr and his companion knew of no vessel on the coast which was likely to be hostile to Watch, for the licence of the times

prevented a proper care of the revenue, and that punishment which is awarded to the breach of its laws, they concluded at once that he was not a party in the fight, but was most likely detained as a spectator not far distant from it. They at first supposed that one of King William's transports, on her passage between Liverpool and Ireland, had encountered a ship of the opposite faction, though the circumstance that in the darkness that prevailed they should recognise each other, soon induced them to alter this opinion.

The firing continued for about five minutes, and then ceased, leaving Delafosse and Gwyndyr in anxious suspense and uncertainty both as to the parties and the event of the action. A suspicion, which can hardly be accounted for, since it seemed nothing more than a vague, although strong apprehension of treachery and danger, pervaded the mind of the chieftain, who roused Owain Drwndwn from a squab upon which he had been asleep during the foregoing events, and

dispatched him towards Llancoch, to guard against surprise. Delafosse, whose mind was proof against superstition as well as fear, though he deemed this precaution unnecessary, did not slight it; for he was one of those veteran soldiers whom habit and discipline have taught an excess of care to be much better than a want of it.

"You are right," said Delafosse, after some reflection. "It cannot be one of our ships that is engaged; we have no vessel of force sufficient to cope with those of the enemy, and the King of France's will not come into these narrow seas."

"I know of no ships on the coast except the one ye came in," replied Owain Goch; "and it's sure enough we have none of size to mate with her; I wish we had. But it cannot be the transport, she lay at anchor in the bay of Llancoch, when Jones and I passed the tower, and she could not have stood out so far by this time."

He had scarcely ended before a whistle, whose low protracted note he was well acquainted with, assured him his apprehension of danger was not unfounded.

"Mark that," he said in a low voice. "It is Drwndwn's call, and danger is abroad. Some villain has betrayed us, and Watch is by this time overpowered. Delafosse, look to your arms, and follow me."

They returned silently to the cabin; and Gwyndyr, purposely to shew Watch, if he were still at liberty, that the Craig y porth was no haven for his bark, extinguished the light. Delafosse secured his sword and pistols, which lay on the table, and they then locked the door and departed. By a serpentine and toilsome footpath, which wound up the almost perpendicular side of the hill behind the cottage, Gwyndyr, followed closely by Delafosse, ascended to the woodhead, where he extended himself at full length on the ground, and listened, with the foot-tracking ear of a true

savage, for the approach of danger. The French captain heard nothing, although he cracked his ears with attending to the slightest murmur of the elements. Whilst they were in this position they were joined by Drwndwn, who expressed his belief that a considerable body of people was hastening to the Craig y porth. This opinion was confirmed by Gwyndyr, who grinned with joy at their approach.

"It is not yet time," said Owain Goch; "or not a man that comes in darkness should again see light. Hark! now hear ye their tramp, captain? they come apace."

"I hear but the wind and the murmur of the waves," answered Delafosse, "though I listen attentively."

"No?—your ears are dull," returned the chieftain. "Drwndwn, listen, and see if thou canst note their number."

"It is impossible," said Delafosse.

"Indeed it is not," replied Gwyndyr; "by the sound he can tell within a few of their number. With you, the battle is

fought by day, and in the open field; with us by night, and the manner by surprise or ambuscade. It is therefore one of the tactics of a mountaineer, to be able afar off to descry the approach of his foe, and continual practice hath made him expert enough to give judgment upon their very numbers. You will see, captain, how Drwndwn will perform."

Owain with the broken nose kept his ear to the ground for some time, during which Delafosse could at length distinguish the cautious yet hasty approach of a number of people. Suppressed murmurs, and occasionally a deeper sound broke upon his ear; and at length Drwndwn arose, and said he believed there were above forty persons."

"Will ye hold your ground," he continued, "or take earth in the fox-holes? there ye will be safe."

"Stand fast," said Gwyndyr, "we shall do here; they deem us surprised, and will not stay to search the wood-head. Captain, stick to me; if they

suspect our cover, dive after me wherever I lead."

"Faith, Gwyndyr," said Delafosse, with great gaiety, "I know but little of diving, but I'll follow you sooner than become prisoner."

They now became silent, and thus awaited the approach of the enemy, who advanced with considerable speed, and soon attained the top of the road opposite the grove of trees within which lay the objects of their search. Here they halted, and in whispers conferred upon the best mode of securing the inmates of the cottage, without giving such an alarm as would enable them to effect their escape.

"Lose no time; let us lurch the rascals if we can," said a low voice, which Gwyndyr recognised as that of the English officer, Burdet. "If we give them time, they'll earth, and we shall lose our sport."

"Morbleu, non," said another, our old acquaintance Ribaudier, "en avant,

mes enfans — mais lentement, mes enfans — lentement — diable! I vill coup de gorge of dat fripon in de blanches culottes."

"Light the torches," said Burdet, "and fall on; we shall lose all by dragging in this way."

"Dragging, morbleu!" cried Ribaudier, in a voice which his endeavour to keep down occasioned to squeak like a young pig. "Je dis, prenez temps; je suis un soldat. I know ver well what is that belongs to ambuscado and to escalade. Prenez temps, mes enfans — En avant — l'epées nues — les pistollets á la main."

"Your worships will be careful how you descend the road," whispered the bailiff Apsly; "it is steep and rough; the least accident might betray ye to the smugglers."

"D—n the smugglers," cried Burdet; "light the torches. How are we to get down your infernal road without a light? I'd sooner ride at a two yards' wall with

a blind horse. We shall have our brains slamm'd out in the dark."

"Je dis, monsieur," said Ribaudier, with great vehemence, "it is against all de usages and proprieties de la guerre. We shall lose our end; we shall be discovered."

"Your worships are losing time," said Apsly; "these birds are ever on the wing, and the least sound will scare them."

"Why, then, fellow, we must shoot flying," replied the English officer. "But, forward; if dark's the word, let us on and change it as fast as possible."

With cautious steps the soldiers proceeded down the road to the beach; but it cost them a considerable time and many bruises to reach the level shore. One person, Gwyndyr and his friends observed, lingered behind; and they soon discovered, from an occasional soliloquy, that it was the bailiff Apsly, who, (fearful of meeting some mischance in the surprise of the smugglers, who, he doubted not,

would defend themselves with desperation,) thought it the most prudent part to suffer the danger to pass by, and the prisoners to be secured before he made his appearance. But the Welsh chief was by no means disposed to let him remain in peace. A word conveyed to Drwndwn the wish of his master; and a moment had scarcely elapsed, before the justice clerk, with the most horrible emotion, saw himself at the mercy of his fierce and exasperated antagonists.

"Speak not a word," said Owain Goch, "or I will drive my dagger beneath thy ribs. Drwndwn, knit the traitor to thy arm, and keep him silent with fear or steel."

The unfortunate bailiff now gave himself up for lost, and in a low tone besought the pity and good offices of his savage keeper. But Drwndwn, who thought of nothing but his chieftain's safety, put a stop to his prisoner's pleading by the application of his thumb and finger to his throat, which speedily con-

strained him to silence. In the mean time, Gwyndyr and the French Captain left the wood, and advancing a few paces down the road, watched with eager eyes the denouement of the scene below. On arriving near the cottage, Burdet and Ribaudier had so disposed their men as to surround the building, with the natural expectation of preventing the escape of the enemy; and perceiving that hitherto their advance had created no alarm, they concluded that the inmates were at rest, and would be easily taken. The French lieutenant, therefore, desirous of displaying his courage, attempted to open the door, but the lock resisted his efforts, and he was obliged to command the assistance of the soldiery to enforce an entrance. The door, after such a resistance as might be expected, gave way before the efforts of the soldiers, who forced their way into the cottage, seconded by Ribaudier, crying, "Tue, tue;" and the English officer, Burdet, who, with greater humanity, told the

soldiers to knock the enemy down and secure them. But they sought in vain for the men they expected. They rummaged every corner and crevice of the cottage; even an old boat which lay in front of the house, keel uppermost, did not escape their critical investigation; but no smugglers, no men of any kind or condition, could be discovered. Enraged with their disappointment, the soldiers, who had expected a handsome reward for the apprehension of Watch's confederates, began to display their chagrin. Every article of furniture or apparel which the house contained, was either appropriated by the military, or immediately demolished; and as, when the spirit of licence once gets afoot, no one can tell where it will end, the ruin and spoliation of the furniture of the cottage suddenly extended to the building itself, which was fired in several places at the same time by the hands of the furious soldiers. Nor were they checked by either of the officers, both of whom had

seen sufficient service to care very little about the burning of a smuggler's hut. They rather encouraged the rage of their followers; because the flames, which soon broke from the ruins of the cabin, afforded them light to reconnoitre the whole of the haven. This task they performed with care, but the unsuccessful result only increased their disappointment; and after lighting their torches, they quitted the Craig y porth on their return to Llancoch. With eyes darting fury, and hearts glowing with triumph, Gwyndyr and his friends beheld the return of the foiled soldiery, who no longer restraining their voices, or mincing their steps, cursed their bad fortune, and their intended victims. Not a few imprecations were bestowed upon the bailiff Apsly, whose absence had been detected, and whose treachery was therefore firmly believed. The Welsh chief and his friends did not make any opposition to their return, but awaited with patience their departure; and in a few minutes

the last man of the company was out of sight. They then came forth from their hiding place, and descending to the cottage, exerted themselves to extinguish the flames; but the fierce element had already destroyed the roof and timbers, which had fallen in, and rendered the remains so ruinous as to be unworthy of further care.

"A pretty sight, Master Apsly, for Watch on hur return," said Drwndwn, with a grin which made the flesh creep upon the bailiff's bones. "Hur would as soon meet the de'il as the smuggler in hur mood. But Will Watch will not return? Eh, bailly? Hur will go to heaven in a string? hur will not come back to tell who it was over-reached hur."

"I am innocent, I am innocent," exclaimed the justice-clerk, with eyes and hands upraised, "I did not lay the information. Heaven be praised, I am not guilty."

"Who is?" thundered out the Welsh chieftain. "If thou didst not lay the

information, and where thou hadst any, save from Belzebub, I know not; who was the traitor? — villain, thou knowest him, and thou knowest me. Once to-day, and that upon slighter quarrel, did I think to put thee into the river. Answer me freely and fairly, or, by the rock of my shelter, I will close these sands over thy breathless body. Mind me, thou thief-taker."

"I do, I do," answered Apsly, with a sincerity which was induced by the utmost terror that man could suffer. "Ask me what you please, I will say any thing."

"Say the truth, thou cross-bred mongrel," replied Gwyndyr; "answer as thou wouldst to heaven. Thou no more seest Will Watch before thee, nor his kinsman, but Owain Goch of Merioneth."

The unfortunate bailiff, whose timidity did not require this information to complete his overthrow, fell on his knees, and clinging around those of the chief-

tain, in abject terms, and with tears in his eyes, besought his life.

"Away with thee, knave," cried the fierce chief; "I will not bandy terms with thee. Tell me, or thou'rt lost, what wretch discovered our plot to the soldiers? Heaven have mercy on thee, if thou liest a word."

"I will answer sooth," returned the bailiff; "it was Winifred Jones, the daughter of Rowna Jones, of the Silver Salmon in Llancoch."

The sturdy chief of Merioneth appeared as if he had received a shot in some vital part. He continued to gaze furiously upon the bailiff, who eagerly eyed him to observe what sort of impression his reply produced; but gradually his eyes and the character of his countenance lost its fierceness, and he turned away overwhelmed with chagrin and astonishment.

"Who is this Winifred Jones?" said the French captain to Owain with the

broken nose, "and how comes she to be so intimate with our secrets?"

"By St. Elian," answered Drwndwn, "and women are at the bottom of all secrets. Natheless I believe this to be a lie, for Will Watch and Winifred Jones have run round the bush together, and hur'd hardly betray hur man. Hur father too is a staunch Jacobite. But as the bailly must be hang'd or dirk'd, hur may as well be killed for a few lies to the boot of hur treason."

"Heaven forbid I should receive bodily harm?" exclaimed Apsly. "I tell the truth as it happened: Winifred came to me, and would have confess'd all that she knew, but I would hear nothing alone, and I took her up to his worship's, that she might have time to rue before she committed herself. But the hussey persisted, and made oath before his honour, Mr. Pendarvis, that Watch was engaged not only in smuggling but treasonable practices. Truth,

Sirs, as I live by bread — honesty's worth more than a Jew's eye."

"Thou didst not encourage her to this confession," said Gwyndyr.

"No — not a whit;" replied Apsly, eagerly; "I gave her plenty of time for consideration; but she was bent on Watch's ruin. Ah, Sirs! she's a perilous stern damsel — somewhat had angered her. She hath a mind of the smuggler, I mean Master Watch, and it hath got abroad that he's on the wing to be married to another woman."

"Cease your gossip, sir, and tell your tale plainly," said Captain Delafosse. "Whither did the woman direct the military?"

"By her counsel," said Apsly, with a faltering voice, "his worship sent a message to the commander of the transport at Llancoch, and he despatched an armed boat to cruize off these headlands for the smuggler's pinnace."

"It is explained," cried Owain Goch, awaking out of his reverie; "ay, and by

the counsel of Pendarvis, you were appointed to conduct this party of soldiers to Watch's cabin. Was't not so?"

"Exactly — to a hair," replied the fearful justice-clerk; "my inexpertness in military affairs kept me on the top of the hill, and prevented me from descending with them to Plas y traeth."

"And made you our prisoner;" said Gwyndyr, "in that fortune perhaps saved your life. As you came hither, did you hear the firing? I mean out at sea."

"We did," answered the bailiff.

"And it was conjectured to be the boat attacking the smuggler?" said Gwyndyr.

"We thought it so assuredly," replied Apsly. "The boat was well manned, and heavily armed. She carried a swivel forwards."

"To what place will they conduct Watch and his friends if they be conquered?" said Delafosse.

"To the Twr Vawr," returned the bailiff; "there is no other prison — no other place of safety."

"Safety — ha, ha, ha!" ejaculated the Welch chieftain. "Was the door of this cottage safe against the bayonets of your party? no more will the gate of the tower be proof against our brands. But what is meant to be done with the bold smuggler? It was he after all that saved the lives of the rascals who are now seeking his — they will not put him to death."

"They talk of a court-martial," answered the bailiff. "But I should grieve to see Master Watch hurt; neither do I know the charge against him."

"A court-martial!" cried Owain Goch. "What! they would talk away the man's life. But comfort yourself, he shall not die; at all events thou shalt stand hostage for him; life for life, only that in case of his death, thine shall exceed it in a degree of torture twenty times told."

"Heaven protect him," cried the bailiff, "I wish he may have sunk the boat, and got off with flying colours. But I beseech ye, fair sirs, visit not your vengeance upon me, a poor and miserable enemy, when there are so many exceeding me both in wealth and honours."

"Where is the wench—I mean Winifred Jones?" said Owain Goch. "Is she in custody at the hall, or where else? I trow they kept her to see that her tale squared rightly."

"I know not," replied the justice-clerk. "She returned with his worship to Llancoch, and very like went on board the transport with him."

"Saw ye her mother Rowna with her?" said the chieftain.

"No," replied the bailiff. "She was alone when she came to my cottage, and went singly with me to Plas Mawr."

"Be true, sir, as you would save your neck;" cried Gwyndyr; "I have rea-

son to think Rowna was a party to her treason."

"So she may, your worship," answered Apsly, whose nerves were chilled by the warning voice of the mountaineer, "but on the faith of an honest man I saw her not."

"Use other oath in future," said Gwyndyr, "if thou would'st have credit. But anon I will prove thy tale. Drwndwn, make out to the headland and look abroad — I will take thy captive into my own keeping."

Owain with the broken nose immediately darted off towards the western point or horn of the bay, and in the stillness of the night his footsteps, after being heard upon the sand, and as he clambered up the rocks, died away amid the surging murmur of the waves, and the low querulous moaning of the wind. Gwyndyr and Delafosse were too anxious to catch any sound to break the silence which prevailed, and the justice-clerk had too much prudence to introduce

himself to notice at a moment so interesting. Presently, however, the whistle peculiar to Drwndwn drew out its protracted note, and Gwyndyr listened with redoubled attention to observe if it received any reply. But he was soon assured it had not, for the same monotonous pipe was thrice repeated.

"The birds are off the ground," said the chieftain, "we must try other cover. Hark ye, sirrah! you bailey — don't you live at Llancoch? in the village? near to the beach?"

"I do," answered the bailiff, "within a stone's cast of the Silver Salmon — can I do ye any errand?"

"What! thou wouldst be off and peach," cried Gwyndyr, with a grin of rage. "Villain! dost take us for fools or babes, that thou thinkst we should trust thee? Rascal, your Saxon cunning is not sleight enow to take the Briton in the toil."

"I am no Saxon, but a Welshman born," answered Apsly, with as much

courage as he could assume. "I beseech ye, sirs, do not think I would betray you."

"Dog!" cried the passionate chieftain, striking the bailiff with his fist, a familiarity which did not improve the friendship of the parties. "Dog! thou wilt, I see, hold us cheap until thou hast had experience of the contrary. I love a noble foe, but a sneaking cur like thee, a fool, and coward, I will silence by blows. We do not ask thee to shield us, — when thou art free, tell thy tale, and make the best on't."

"This worthy fellow hath a marvellous contempt for the faculties of the soldier," said Delafosse.

"He has had," said Gwyndyr, sarcastically, "but his lawyership will hold us in better respect for time to come."

The return of Drwndwn, who, as his chief prophesied, had met with none of their friends, put an end to this conversation, and with hasty steps they ascended the hill, and proceeded towards Llancoch.

In the course of their march the unfortunate bailiff had occasion more than once to deplore his ill-fortune, which had thrown him into the hands of the enemy. Unable to keep up with the springy and active pace of the mountaineers, or to avoid the holes and inequalities of the ground with that intuitive sort of readiness with which they did, the justice-clerk was frequently urged forward by the iron fist of Drwndwn, or when he had fallen, which he did several times, he was nearly strangled through being plucked from the earth by his cravat. And when his torments naturally forced from him an expression of grief, his moans were checked by a heavy bastinado applied to his shoulders with the flat side of the chieftain's cutlass. Happy was he to emerge from the sand hills, and to descend into the street of Llancoch, with which, though broken and irregular, he was perfectly well acquainted, and as able to travel securely by night as by day. They had not proceeded far

before the voice of Gwyndyr, whispering, "Lead us to thine house by the shortest way," aroused him from a dream in which he had beheld with much satisfaction the surprise and capture of his companions. But as he was at present unsupported, the justice-clerk was constrained to obey the mandate of that man whom he would willingly have beheld drowning in the sea, and with a faltering heart and a prayer that they might be intercepted, he conducted them to his cottage in the town street. From the door they commanded such a view of the beach as the darkness would admit; and they could distinctly perceive a number of persons around the Silver Salmon, whose tumultuous voices, blended in one mass by the wind and the distance, resembled the roar that is heard on throwing open the grate of a furnace. It was not safe for Owain Goch and his friends to remain in the street, where they were liable to observation, particularly as the door of the barber's shop adjoin-

ing the residence of Apsly still remained open, though as no living soul appeared, it is probable the barber and his wife were among the mobility on the beach, and therefore, accepting the invitation of the bailiff, which was given with a hope that they would break their necks as they ascended the steps, Gwyndyr and Delafosse entered the house, after having despatched the trusty Drwndwn upon the service of reconnoissance. The bailiff ushered them with all ceremony into his place of trade, or law office, the only sitting apartment in the house, among a heap of summonses, warrants, orders in bastardy, and so forth, the evidences of his professional labours. A keg of spirits, which stood in one corner of the room, proclaimed the extreme friendship or enmity of Master Apsly to the gentlemen of Will Watch's fraternity, for by no other means than as a bribe, or as booty on a seizure, was he likely to have acquired it. The keg was soon espied by the eagle eye of the mountaineer, for whose

entertainment the owner did not hesitate a moment to broach the contents, and Gwyndyr with great gaiety pledged the health of his host in a bumper of real Nantz.

CHAP. XI.

" *Count.* If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner ! to whom ?"

Part I. King Hen. VI.

THE spirits of Master Apsly, which had hitherto been overfaced, began to revive upon the domestic hearth ; although it is probable that his courage owed its resuscitation as much to the influence of a dram, of which, to do the honours of welcome to his new guests, he was constrained to partake, as to the cheery recollection of his more safe and comfortable situation. His tongue, which during the march had maintained a prudent taciturnity, began to relax its trappism, and the muscles of his face, which had been fixed with the rigidity of terror, gave way, and expanded into his usual self-sufficient smirk. Divesting his person of his little beaver, scratch wig, and ample coat, he took down an old faded velvet cap, and a

decayed morning-gown from a peg in the room, both of which had formerly decorated the person of the famous old knight, Sir Jorwerth Pendarvis, and in his service had been emblazoned with many a broad patch of grease, occasioned by his personal attendance upon the mew and dog-kennels. These garments replaced the habiliments he had laid aside, and a pair of ancient morocco slippers, which had once been scarlet, took the place of his heavy and hob-nailed shoes. After these mutations, he drew towards the table a high-backed easy-chair, which, notwithstanding that its exterior covering of green damask, in unison with the other goods and chattels of the bailiff, seemed not to be of modern construction, was well stuffed, and afforded good accommodation either for study or repose. He was not sufficiently civil to offer its comforts to either of his guests, but leaving them to stand, or find other seats of a less easy material, he threw himself into it without ceremony. But his self-possession and

recovered assurance gave no pleasure to Gwyndyr, who, snorting with contempt, turned to the French captain, and said: "Look at this fellow, captain, — a bailiff, a door-keeper, a staff-holder to a justice, a maker out of mittimusses, — he lives in comfort, in all security and wealth — "

"Security!" said Apsly, shaking his head.

"Whilst we," continued the indignant chieftain, "are forced to the rock for covert, to the hill for shelter, and have no bread nor salt but what we win by the sword. Look at the fellow's daintyhood, his night-gown and slippers, his cap and cushioned chair, and compare them with the flinty bed of arran Ben lyn's crag, where I have lain for twenty years. I— a man of birth and ancient alliance — a man of name and fame! That fortune should be so blind as to throw away her favours upon these worthless choughs! I warrant now, Ap-sly I think they call thee, thou hast money to spend,

to lay out on mortgages — thou art a statesman."

"Marry, no, no such thing; would to Heaven your words were sooth;" said the cautious justice-clerk, who feared his new acquaintance might have a propensity to borrow. "I am a poor man; appearances deceive. It is not an old night-gown and slippers, and a worn-out easy chair that will make a man rich, Master Gwyndyr; the gold is wanting, and I must find gold before I can have lamb-skins. Neither mortgage nor land to be had without money. These ancient cast-offs belonged of old to the good knight, Sir Jorwerth Pendarvis. Ah, Master Gwyndyr! you knew the fine old cavalier — a brave man was Sir Jorwerth, and as honest as steel — another man than his worship, though I have no need to say it."

"Thou'rt a faithless rogue," said Owain Goch; "for unworthy as is Watkin Pendarvis, he is the staff of thy life."

"I say no ill of his worship," said the rebuked justice-clerk; "I repeat he is not to be compared in soldiership and military exercises with my old master, Sir Jorwerth."

"Hout tout, man!" cried the mountaineer impetuously; "what doest thou know of soldiership and military exercises? Stick to thy appeals and informations, and leave soldiership to thy betters."

"Truth, to tell, Master Gwyndyr," replied the bailiff, "I intend to follow your counsel, when I can please myself. I had not been out soldiering to-night, and fallen into your hands, if my own inclination had been consulted. No, marry; I give up military matters to your soldiers that love them; but as to Sir Jorwerth —"

"Rest his bones," said the chieftain; "he is dead, and let him alone. Captain, bestir yourself; you droop like a daggled plume, when you should be like a hunter ready for the start."

"I am too old a hunter to lack spur or rein," replied the French officer. "I am ready for action if the time be opportune."

"That we shall know presently," said his companion. "Thou hast been rather hasty, Apsly, in taking off thy garments. It is very like we may need thy services."

"Mine!" cried the timid justice-clerk, with a changing cheek and beating heart; "My services! You but jest, Master Gwyndyr. I do not see what service I could render you."

"Perhaps not," replied the chieftain. "But you must know the Twr Vawr better than I do."

"The Twr Vawr I know," replied Apsly, with hesitation and caution, "but nothing more than you. I know the way in when the gate's unbarred."

"Is there no postern or loop-hole left unguarded?" said Delafosse. "Do they keep strict guard?"

"There is no postern in the tower," answered Apsly, "if by postern ye mean other entrance; loop-holes there are enow; but as Master Gwyndyr knoweth, and as I can show ye by the bills of Mike Doughty, our blacksmith, which are upon my file of receipts — hanging above your head, Master Gwyndyr—they are crossed and double crossed with iron bars, arrow-headed spikes, and so forth. Of their guard I know less than you; it may be strong or weak, strict or careless, for aught I am informed."

The eyes of Gwyndyr, which had strayed carelessly towards the file of papers mentioned by Apsly, fell from them to a hand-bill, or placard, affixed to the wall by a couple of pins, and which appeared to draw his attention; but when he was about to read it aloud, the outer or street door was heard to open, and presently that of the room in which they were was flung to the wall, and the figure of Mr. Pendarvis disclosed itself in the passage. Gwyndyr and Delafosse

instantly drew their pistols, for they supposed the lawyer was at the head of a force sufficient to overpower them, and the former stepping up to the intruder, levelled his weapon at his head. His intentions were, however, checked by the appearance of Drwndwn, who stepped from behind Pendarvis, and said, "All's safe; hur worship's your prisoner."

"Prisoner!" exclaimed the lord of Plas Mawr, with unfailing haughtiness. "Prisoner to whom, and for what?"

"Prisoner to King James and me," answered Gwyndyr; "Mr. Pendarvis — you have not so soon forgot me."

"You are the man, I see, that visited Plas Mawr to-day, under the name of Watch," said the lawyer; who, although aware he stood on critical ground, was not able in a breath to lay aside his pride.

"The man!" answered Gwyndyr, "why not the gentleman?" I do not wear clothes so fine as your worship, and my tongue, perhaps, is not so smooth. I live on the mountain, and am held an

outlawed man,—outlawed and proscribed, — with the head of a wolf: — look at it here ;" and he pointed with his dagger to the placard : " Behold ! Watkin Pendarvis will pay a hundred pounds to the taker of Owain Goch, dead or living. Why, man, here thou seest Owain Goch. Where is thy gold ? I am that rebel chief; that savage wolf, whose head is worth its weight in coin."

" There is no need of this passion," said Pendarvis, evidently alarmed at this confession, and at the excited state of the chieftain's mind, and not the less so that he imagined Gwyndyr worked up his feelings to some desperate act for which passion would be his apology. " I know not of any state of war within the realm of England ; how, therefore, can I have become prisoner ?"

" You know not of war, and cannon firing beneath your nose !" cried Gwyndyr, with contempt ; " lie no more, or your slave here will laugh at you. Drwndwn ! how went the fight ?"

"The smuggler and hur crew are prisoners," replied Owain with the broken nose; "hur worship has just marched them off to the Twr Vawr."

"These men were taken as offenders against the revenue," replied Pendarvis, "not against the state. It was their resistance to his Majesty's officers that armed their hands against them."

"And it was the resistance made by stone and mortar to the ruffians who beset Watch's cabin that led them to burn it to the ground," said Gwyndyr.

"I am ignorant of this outrage," replied Pendarvis, with affected concern. "The building, such as it was, was mine, and it is hardly probable that I should direct the ruin of my own property."

"By whose direction, then, did the soldiers seek the Craig y Porth?" said the chieftain, "and what was their object?"

"They went thither by my command," returned the lawyer, who judged it safest to be candid where an equivocation might be detected, and produce dangerous re-

sults. "Their object was to prevent the escape of the smugglers, if they succeeded in beating off the boat which awaited them."

"There is no trusting a lawyer who has an answer in his bag for every thing," said Gwyndyr. "But where is the woman that told you this pretty tale? You have her, I hope, under bar and bolt."

"Winifred Jones is within the Twr Vawr," answered the justice; "I held it my duty to commit her for further examination."

"How now, you lying thief," cried Gwyndyr to Apsly, "said you not she was at large?"

"No, Master Gwyndyr," replied the bailiff, who, although yellow in the face with fear, still strived to maintain his equanimity; "if you will recollect, I said she returned to Llancoch with his worship, nothing more."

"Well, I care not, so she be fast, and we may have our revenge on her, if thou liest till the moon change," said the fierce

chief. "Mr. Pendarvis, sit down; take your deputy's chair, and his night-gown and slippers."

Though deeply enraged at the insolence of the chief, Watkin Pendarvis was too perfect a master of his passions to betray any untimely indignation. He took possession of the chair offered him by Gwyndyr, and assumed an air of security which he was very far from feeling. And his anxiety was considerably increased when the Welsh chief retired to the further part of the room, where the French captain had sat silently listening to what passed, and in low whispers seemed to confer with his colleague upon the fate of their prisoner. Gwyndyr's earnestness and gesticulation were excessive, and the harsh tones of his voice frequently burst out of the common pitch of his conversation. Watkin Pendarvis wished much to speak with his bailiff, who stood very near him, but Drwndwn had an eye and an ear for whatever passed. His quick savage countenance turned from one

party to the other with eager curiosity; and in the apprehension of the justice, the glance of him with the broken nose showed that he triumphed in the vengeance of the son of the widow Ogwen. After some time had elapsed, Gwyndyr and Delafosse came forward, and the latter, perhaps because he had seen more of the world than the chief, and was more cool and dispassionate, and therefore more likely to deal with Pendarvis after his own phlegmatic and cautious manner, became the spokesman. And it was most likely out of a wish to avoid, if affairs should take a turn, being confounded with natives of England, that Delafosse spoke in a more foreign idiom and accent than usual, and concealed with his cloak and slouched beaver as much as was possible of his form and features.

"Monsieur Pendarvis," said the French officer, with a gentle inclination, "has nothing to fear if he choose to preserve that candour and sincerity to which both his interest and safety invite him. Vio-

lence we should unwillingly resort to, — mais, monsieur, la citadelle est remporter."

"What citadel? what place, sir, do you mean?" replied the lawyer, with affected ignorance. "There is no castle or place of strength nearer than Conwy or Caernarvon."

"Yes, monsieur, one place," replied Delafosse, "la forte tour de Llancoch."

"The tower of Llancoch is a ruin," returned Pendarvis; "but if it were otherwise, I have no power, if I had inclination, to put it into your hands; the French captain, Coquincourt, has possession of it with his company."

"Coquincourt!" ejaculated Delafosse, with a sardonic smile, and shrug of the shoulders; "he marched in to-night, Monsieur Pendarvis?"

"This evening he marched in," replied Pendarvis.

"In course, monsieur, at your request," said the French officer.

"Not at my request particularly," answered Pendarvis. "He deemed it necessary to preserve a strict guard for the safe keeping of his prisoners, and I acquiesced."

"True, you acted with becoming discretion," said Delafosse. "You are a loyal magistrate, and abhor la contrebande."

"Sir, I have no reason to be ashamed of your designation," replied Pendarvis, whose feelings winced beneath the taunts of the Frenchman. "I but do my duty to the laws of the realm in bringing to punishment the breakers of them. I am not personally answerable for the justice or humanity of the laws; it is for gentlemen in my station to see that they are observed."

"Assurément," said Delafosse, with great indifference; "and the preservation of three hundred persons from shipwreck, monsieur, it is an act which, however brilliant and deserving, is no apology pour faisant la contrebande."

The French officer gazed with keen eyes upon Pendarvis, in whose mind this observation occasioned no little confusion; but he did at length stammer out that it was not for him to place a man's merits in the scale with his defects.

"Assurément, Monsieur Pendarvis," said the spiteful Frenchman; "the performance of a deed which must give an heroic name to Monsieur Watch, and which saved to England some hundreds of her bravest children, was no sufficient reason for withholding an attack upon his life, rather than suffer him to go in peace with a few pieces of brandy or geneva, upon which he had not paid the duties. Fort bien! monsieur, courage! this is a deed worthy of British justice. The Prince of Orange will patronize you for it."

"It is folly to deny that I suspected Watch of practices more dangerous to the state than smuggling," said Pendarvis, goaded to this confession by the satire of Delafosse.

"Halt, halt, monsieur," cried the French officer; "n'eveillez pas le chat qui dort. You are now too ingenuous."

"Your wit, sir, may be spared," said the justice, with bitter gravity. "I did not on slight grounds suspect the smuggler of treasonable practices, and I did my duty in apprehending him."

"Perhaps, monsieur, you suspect us also?" said Delafosse.

"I am not so young an apprentice as to argue a settled point," said Pendarvis, who, with admirable courage, had rallied his temper, and now assumed a smile. "I believe you are Captain Delafosse, an officer lately serving the unfortunate King James in Ireland, and a gentleman who ought at this moment to be a prisoner with his comrades in the tower of Llancoch."

"An old maxim of my school days, monsieur, was 'multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra,'" said Delafosse. "It is probable I should have inhabited the place occupied by my

friends, but for the events of the last night, and my military experience has taught me that the chance which might have been mine last night may this fall upon our enemies."

"You speak surely, not by prophecy," said Pendarvis. "But I trust if our hitherto peaceable country should become the scene of a warlike conflict, the property of those individuals who remain neuter will be respected."

"Tout à fait, monsieur," replied Delafosse. "King James declares war against his ungrateful son-in-law and his adherents, not against his own peaceable subjects. Nevertheless, those who assist us, and aid his Majesty's fortune, will receive most of our countenance and protection."

"Of late, sir," replied the wary lawyer, who was willing to throw out any lure for his own protection, so that he did not entirely commit himself, "the fortune of King James has been so shifting and unstable, that even his friends are fearful of

embarking their own safety in his quarrel. How, then, should those gentlemen who do not entirely agree with his system of government, who have little to gain, and all to lose, abet any rising in his favour?"

"And are we to esteem you one of those independent gentlemen you speak of?" said Delafosse. "Speak out, monsieur; plain dealing is best in every thing."

"Excuse me, Captain Delafosse," answered the justice; "I do not hold myself at present free to declare my sentiments. King William is now *de facto* our sovereign, and has declared he will maintain the laws and customs of the realm. King James has yet to promulgate his views. Who knows what may happen if such a declaration on his part should appear as would satisfy the subject that liberty would be restored under the sway of a Stuart."

"Doubt not of that event, monsieur," said the French officer; "the whole nation will be satisfied."

"The whole nation would deserve hanging, if it had but one neck," said Owain Goch. "What sort of liberty is wanted? The freedom we had before did for me and mine; wherefore should others desire a change? It is not liberty but something new that the vile commons of England are gaping for. Give them their hearts' wish to-morrow, and the next day they will be unsatisfied. But one word, Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, are we to count you friend or foe? We will have no neutrals — hands grasped, or blades crossed; and the time to determine is now."

"But allow me a few days to turn the chances in my mind," said the artful lawyer; "a matter of so great moment requires serious deliberation."

"We will allow you as long a time as you shall desire, monsieur," returned Delafosse; "but your suspense will subject you to the inconvenience of restraint. You must abide our prisoner."

"I hope not," replied Pendarvis; "my captivity would much alarm my family. I will engage my word of honour, nay, my oath, to take no hostile steps against you."

"A lawyer's honour and oath are of the same value, somewhat brittle ware," cried Gwyndyr. "No, you are the best pawn, and we'll keep you fast. Drwndwn shall carry you up into the mountains, and teach you to knock down the moor-fowl."

The broken-nosed mountaineer grinned with delight at the scheme of his chief, and at the distress which it occasioned to his old enemy and oppressor, who saw no prospect of liberty either by refusing or acceding to the party of the Jacobites. If he joined them, they were too doubtful of his fidelity to trust him at large; and it was more than probable they would expose his connection with them in the first burst of their insurrection. Hostility, if he were to avow it, would, on the other hand, not only produce a closer and per-

haps longer captivity, but might also induce them to lay him under contribution, or to proceed to still greater extremities. How to escape from between the horns of this dilemma puzzled the wits of Watkin Pendarvis, for he saw that the bold and striking shrewdness of the chief, and the cool penetration of Delafosse, were not to be duped even by his experience and cunning. Like a caged beast, which tries every part of his den for an outlet, but meets every where with bars and imprisonment, the captive lawyer rapidly ran over in his mind every plan which he thought likely to procure his freedom; but always came to the same conclusion, that, upon examination, each was impracticable. Could he have inspired the Jacobites with confidence in him, or have communicated his situation to Burdet or Coquincourt, his liberation by fraud or force had been achieved; but the acuteness of his enemies prevented either, and left him perplexed and despairing. He did, indeed, in the per-

plexity of his distress, propose to leave in their hands, as a hostage for himself, his ancient and faithful servant Apsly; but he was interrupted rudely by Gwyndyr, who said, "Ancient he may be, but as for his faithfulness, or yours, Watkin Pendarvis, except ye be held by the strong hand, they are as steady as the flax that is blown about on the mountain. Why, man, awhile before you came, your faithful servant Apsly sang the lament of old Sir Jorwerth, whom he compared with you in no terms of fealty. By my father's bones, had that creature Drwndwn, there he stands, or any man of my following, spoke such speech of me, I would have painted the wall with his blood and brains."

"Good Master Gwyndyr, and your worship," said the justice clerk, with anxious humility, "my words, may it please ye, were mistaken. I said this, and I hope it will not offend — every man to his trade, as the saying is — I said that your worship was no soldier in com-

parison of Sir Jorwerth Pendarvis, your worship's late kinsman; who, by the way——"

"Drwndwn, stop the villain's mouth," cried Gwyndyr; and his follower instantly clapped his brawny hand upon the noisy orifice so effectually as to prevent the emission of any sounds.

"We cannot stay here listening to old women's tales," pursued the chieftain. "Drwndwn, out; the glass is run, or nearly so."

Once more Owain with the broken nose quitted the house, with the apparent purpose of reconnoitring the village. Gwyndyr drew nigh to the table, and returned to his amusement of quaffing the bailiff's liquor, whilst the French captain, with an absent and involuntary motion, took off his cloak and beaver, and leaning thoughtfully on his sword, perused the placard published for Gwyndyr's apprehension. We have already told our readers that Delafosse was young and tolerably handsome, but his features

possessed also a suavity and gentility which commanded respect and secured esteem. He was rather fascinating than beautiful. The proportions of beauty were perhaps not definable either in his face or his person, according to strict and critical rule; but his air and deportment attracted the eyes of the gazers in a much greater degree than it was possible for mere beauty to do. There was what painters call soul in his countenance — a high and noble spirit, which pervaded his lineaments throughout every change of passion or feeling. His appearance seemed sensibly to strike Mr. Pendarvis, who gazed upon him with an interest which for the moment dispelled all thoughts of his situation. Feature by feature, from head to foot, the lawyer scanned the person of Delafosse; until the latter, observing the particular attention which his prisoner paid to him, from which he perhaps drew no favourable inference of his intentions, said with a significant smile, "I hope, mon-

sieur, you do not examine me so closely to draw my portrait, as you have done Mr. Gwyndyr's in your placard."

To this speech Pendarvis made no reply; but with a look which declared that he had not attended to the remark of the French captain, he still kept his eyes fixed upon him. His clerk, however, who feared to draw down the anger of the lords of the ascendant, gently touched him and said, "Your worship is spoken to; — his worship is sometimes studied," he continued, addressing himself to Delafosse; "your honours will know how to excuse him."

"Who spoke?" said Pendarvis, as if awoke from a dream; "sir, did you speak to me?"

"We wish to know whether you will set a price upon the captain's head as on mine," said Gwyndyr, who was now become rather heated by the strong liquor he had drunk; "you have looked at him so long, you'll know him again."

"Set a price! — no," answered the

lawyer; "he is the King of France's subject, is he not?"

"Faith, it's well he is, that he may 'scape sly shot," said the chieftain; "some lurking rascal would bring him down for your hundred pounds. But why should Delafosse steer clear of your proclamations, whilst I am followed?"

"You are a subject of the English crown," answered Pendarvis.

"Hell seize the English crown! I am no subject but to the Prince of Wales," cried Gwyndyr; "and let him proclaim me traitor."

"Parliament have declared King James's abdication," said the lawyer; "he and the male branch of his family are for ever, by the law, excluded their ancient dominion."

"Then, by the law, Wales is free," said Gwyndyr; "and I, the follower of a royal race, am also free to take the unfilled crown of my native country."

"Let us first win Wales," said Delafosse, who, although disgusted with the

folly and arrogance of his colleague, was aware that he must be led and not driven, "and then settle the right to govern."

"Right, Delafosse," replied the chieftain; "talking here will never win us a foot of ground. But since this Orangeman stands out, what is to be done with him and his gullion? For the tricks they have played me they deserve no better than to be pistolled. What would ye have done with me? — Answer, and doom yourselves."

"Personally, Mr. Gwyndyr," replied Pendarvis, with great firmness, "your fate would have been independent of any wish of mine; you must have been judged by the law, and I desire nothing better than to meet a legal censure of my actions."

"The law!" cried Owain Goch, furiously; and rising from his seat, he grasped one of his pistols. "Do you come here to insult us with the name of that which is denied us — of that which is unjustly put in force against us when

we are prohibited the benefit of its provisions?"

"I came not here willingly," said Pendarvis.

"You lie, sir," replied the chieftain; "you are as false as the fiend. Drwndwn lured you here, but what was his bait?"

"Your follower certainly betrayed me," replied the lawyer. "It is absurd to complain. He informed me that some other party connected with the smugglers, and whom I presumed to be this gentleman, had been taken at the cottage and brought to Apsly's house."

"And you were fool enough to believe the fellow," cried Owain Goch, with a peal of laughter; "why, man, you might have known Drwndwn, you had seen him before. But Owain's a crafty devil; he's more than a match for the best lawyer in your courts."

He was interrupted by the return of the subject of his eulogium, who entered the sitting-room of Apsly, to the great terror of its owner, and the mortification

of Mr. Pendarvis, followed by four tall half naked and savage-looking creatures, each of whom was armed with a long gun and dagger in his girdle. The very sight of these caterans curdled the blood of the justice clerk, and he continued to gaze upon them with eyes of horror and dismay, during the time which was occupied by Gwyndyr and Delafosse in conferring as to the place whither the prisoners should be removed. Drwndwn, who had reconnoitred the village from one end to the other, informed his chief that the soldiers had dispersed the mob, and threatened to shoot any person who should be found abroad before daylight. The officer Burdet had fixed his quarters at the Silver Salmon, whereat he kept regular guard, ready to turn out upon the slightest disturbance. The soldiers of Cambon's occupied the tower, and seemed to be secure. In making these reconnoissances the mountaineer had run considerable risk, for he had approached so near to the house of Mrs.

Jones, as to hear distinctly the speech of the soldiers.

"Where is Dysgirnin?" said Gwyndyr.

"The men lie on the heath," answered Drwndwn. "Hur went onward from the Gastell to find a guard for hur worship."

"Mr. Pendarvis and his friend," said Delafosse, "may remain here under guard, as well as be sent to the hills; we shall have possession of the tower before morning."

"Be it so," replied Gwyndyr. "Tarw Trin! if either man stir, knock out his brains."

Delafosse again put on his cloak and beaver, and with great care adjusted his arms. Gwyndyr followed his example, and once more applied to the liquor, not to increase his courage, but to slake that actual thirst which the desire of action and slaughter seemed to excite. He then ordered Drwndwn to see the house secured as well as its fastenings would admit, and follow them to the heath.

CHAP. XII.

"Are ye come,
He cried, to mourn with me this common shame?
Or ask ye some new effort which may break
Our fetters?" AKENSIDE.

We must now quit Owain Goch and his confederates, and return to the Twr Vawr, where we left colonel Teague O'Regan and his fellow captives, newly installed in their romantic but ruinous prison. They had not been there long before the Irish hero committed an assault upon the turnkey, by throwing at his head a pewter plate laden with victuals, which, as to an officer of superior rank, had been allowed to him by the justice. The gaoler, who from his tall and gaunt, but remarkably meagre person, and a habit of uncommon taciturnity, had acquired the name of Shadow, provoked the ire of the ex-governor of Charlemont, by delaying to

answer some question which the latter had put to him; and as, for want of a table, O'Regan held the plate in his hands, he chose to make it, as the readiest thing, the instrument of his vengeance. Rice Evans (such was the real name of Shadow,) regarded this ebullition of the Irishman's anger with surprise and fear; he did not ask for, nor await an explanation; but picking up the plate, which happily had done him no injury, he glided out of the room like a man followed by a beast of prey, and stealing down stairs with tremulous haste, bolted the door of his little chamber. The soldiers of the guard, as well as the prisoners, set up a roar of laughter at the retreat of the turnkey, and O'Regan's sides chinked with delight, until the remembrance touched him that he had lost his dinner. The descendant of the kings of Connaught busied himself also in the course of the day, in many squabbles with the soldiers, and particularly at sun-set, when the signal called

the retreat was beat to form the guard and lock up the prisoners. With an air which had been more germain to the matter if he had still held the keys of Charlemont, he refused to leave the guard-room to retire to an inner apartment of greater security, in whose ample space, for lack of more chambers, the whole of the prisoners were destined to sleep together. This apartment, which overhung the sea, and whose spacious solitary window opened upon it, bore the vestiges of decay in almost every part. The floor, which had once been British oak, was now nearly consumed by the worms, and threatened to give way beneath every foot that pressed it. The sea breezes whistled through the paneless window, and when high, threatened to tear down the rafters of the roof; and a grimy damp, oozing from the walls, spread a dank and noisome odour throughout the chamber. The mossy covering of the huge fireplace proclaimed its long destitution of

a fire, and it was the chief reason of O'Regan's contumacy that there was a very comfortable one in the guard-chamber. The dormitory was indeed littered down with straw, a comfort which the prisoners owed to the outcry and refractoriness of the colonel; but nothing could induce the guard to abate of that rigour which consigned O'Regan to the common bed of his fellow captives. In vain he cursed the soldiers in Erse, English, and French; in vain he proclaimed his rank, and appealed to the subaltern who commanded the picket, whether he ever saw an officer of consideration treated in that style before; in vain he threatened to write to ould Shambear and report their conduct, — they were obdurate, inflexible, nay, inclined to laugh at and make sport of the colonel's mortification. Even the solace of his pipe was denied him, on the ground that the ashes might set fire to the litter. This was the climax of

provocation; and as he whirled his pipe at the head of the serjeant, he exclaimed, "Devil burn ye altogether, for a set of scabby knaves as ever had rogue's march beat to their backs as they marched forwards."

This explosion produced a roar of laughter from his antagonists, the chief of whom, the sergeant, pointed to the straw in the inner room.

"Ay, ay, you beggar's bastard!" cried Teague, "you have a guess what it's like. Straw's about the best featherbed your ugly carcass ever crept into, whilst I've slept in the down of princes and princesses. Och hone a re — that ever honest gentleman should be fortuned to submit to such dirty blackguards! Fait, and I wish, joys, you'd lend me one of your stand of arms there, a good heavy firelock and manche bayonet,—by the virtue of my oath and I'd sing out aboe in a jiffy, — I would let down your saucy looks, my darlings,

so I would, — I'd punch a few eylet holes in your jackets."

The ex-governor's oratory, however, only increased the mirth of the soldiers, some of whom, not content with laughing at him, began to jeer and revile him in no very moderate way.

"Get to bed, Teak o Reken!" cried the sergeant, imitating, as well as his imperfect pronunciation of English would allow, the brogue of the colonel; "se reposer upon de straw is better den to lie on de bog sans haut de chausses, — ha, ha, ha!"

"Fait, honey, it's as well to be without breeches as without shirt," answered the Irish hero; "and I've seen the time, jewel, when some of you had been glad, too, to have been without breeches, when they hindered ye from running away."

"Eh bien! Teak!" cried the subaltern; "I see dere is some vantage in being le pansu — it is to have de estime of courage — to be held one des braves, when one is trop gros to run."

This sally upon the Hibernian's rotundity was received with great acclamations by the sergeant's comrades, and with a grin of vexation by the colonel, who finding he could win no honour by a personal altercation with the soldiers, withdrew into the inner chamber, bestowing on his antagonists at parting a hearty benediction, which was answered by a volley of blackguardism in more than one tongue. The door was then locked upon the prisoners, who were left without any other light than that which was afforded by the hazy and darkening twilight. For his personal convenience, as well as for observation of any thing which might fall out upon the water, O'Regan took possession of that quarter of the chamber nearest the window. He spread his cloak over his *lit de paille*, and converted his muff into a pillow, a purpose which it answered exceedingly well, and lying down, confessed that he had frequently enjoyed less comfortable quarters. The other

prisoners, of whom the number fell little short of two hundred, extended themselves in rows throughout the room, and most part of them soon fell asleep. But although the colonel commanded silence more than once, and at length the chamber became undisturbed except by the regular snore of the sleepers, there were some of the prisoners, and among others Teague O'Regan himself, who did not soon prove the ease of forgetfulness. He lay wrapped in his cloak, desirous of catching the seal of the poppy-crowned deity, but it constantly evaded his desires, and seemed to become more distant and difficult to gain, the greater exertions he made to procure it. Wearied at length with fruitless efforts to compose himself, O'Regan threw off his cloak and sat upright, but he found the breeze which came from the sea through the window so keen and piercing, that he was glad once more to shelter himself among the straw. Morpheus now seemed more propitious.

The chill blast which he had experienced taught him to prize the warmth and comforts of his humble bed, and he gradually fell into a mild and dozing slumber. In this state he continued about ten minutes, and was then awakened by the report of the first shot fired by Watch at the boat of the transport. Several of the other prisoners were also disturbed by it, and the second shot aroused nearly the whole of them. O'Regan jumped upon his feet, and throwing his cloak about him went to the window, around which his companions eagerly crowded. The flashes of the guns, and their sustained report, convinced the governor that some action was on the point of being decided, and he did not doubt but that Watch had assembled his friends, and beset the transport. The cannonade, it appeared, had also disturbed the picket, for the soldiers were heard moving about in the guard-room, and soon after upon the battlements of the tower.

"Arrah, boys," said O'Regan, in a low voice to those nearest him, "we may prepare for a small bit of fighting, I believe, for the war's begun yonder in a mighty decent style. 'Faith! there are more thumps than thirteens going to the dozen. A pretty boy is that same Watch — he knows how to kick up a splore as well as the best of us. Hark! the firing is hushed — nothing but a dropping shot, and a little rattle of musketry. Hurra! boys, for liberty and King James."

The suspense which succeeded was sufficiently galling to all the prisoners, but to Colonel O'Regan it was horrible in the extreme. Expecting every moment that he should behold the conqueror Watch sail under the castle wall, and open their prison gates, he fretted with anger at his protracted appearance, and broke out into frequent expressions of chagrin and disappointment.

"By my sowl the man is losing his opportunity," cried the veteran; "the foe

will recover his terror and stand upon defence. This it is to be unskilled in the art of war. Och hone! the devil is in him to throw away his vantage. By this time I would have had tower and town in my hands, and the Orangemen as fast as a pig in a pound."

The dissatisfaction of the colonel was now interrupted by some of his companions observing an illumination of the atmosphere about a mile to the right of the Twr Vawr, which was occasioned by the fire of the smuggler's cottage. They could not from the tower see Plas y traeth, but the reflection of the flames lighted up the sky, and spread over the eastern horizon. What this new appearance denoted few could imagine; but as O'Regan had learned that the abode of Watch lay somewhere in that direction, he concluded that the light arose from the torches carried by the followers of Owain Goch, who, as he conjectured, were there met to join the victorious smuggler. It is probable that the picket

at the tower felt some little alarm, for they threw open the door which communicated between the rooms, and the sergeant proceeded to examine with cautious eyes if any signs of hostility shewed themselves among the prisoners, whilst half a dozen of his people stood armed and ready to fall on in case of need. After reconnoitring the chamber, the subaltern approached the window and looked out, apparently fearful of some intercourse between the prisoners within and foes without the tower; but his search proving fruitless, and finding every thing quiet, the sergeant and his men withdrew.

The governor of Charlemont and his companions had scarcely time to exult over their retreat, and to laugh at their anxiety, before the tramp of soldiers and the buz of voices were distinctly heard, and appeared to be those of persons hastily advancing to the Twr Vawr. The picket were instantly again on the

alert, and prepared to defend themselves in case of any hostile attack.

The noise soon became more distinct, and presently the "Qui va là" of the sentinel was heard challenging the persons who advanced. The answer was in the same tongue, and a loud hammering on the door of the tower, compelled the turnkey to leave his cell. But he would not admit the new comers until the sergeant of the guard came down, and assured himself of their being friends. The door was then expanded, and Captain Coquincourt, Lieutenant Ribaudier, the Ensign Du Puy, and their whole company, with a number of prisoners under their escort, appeared on the esplanade in front of the tower, which was lighted up by their torches. A considerable time elapsed before they could ascend the narrow stair to the guard-room, particularly as the prisoners were fettered in pairs; but when they did gain the room, where O'Regan and his companions

impatiently awaited them, the eyes of the Hibernian were blasted with the sight of Will Watch and his brave crew in chains. Many of them were covered with blood, and grimed with smoke. Their chief was wounded in the face, but he seemed to pay much less attention to his own hurts, or even his unfortunate situation, than to a young and handsome female whom he supported on his arm.

"Hullabaloo!" cried O'Regan, holding up his arms in the highest consternation; "the sight is enough to make a blind man open his eyes."

Without shewing any recognition of the persons around, the smuggler conducted his bride (for it was the pretty Katherine van Dronk that Watch supported,) to a seat, and turning to the officers, said, "Well, sirs, now we're in limbo, you'll perhaps take us out of the bilboes."

"Pilpoes!" replied Coquincourt. "What is that you call pilpoes?"

"These iron ruffles," said Watch, holding up his fetters; "unless you are afraid of us beating ye unarmed."

"Les fers," said the French captain; "no, you are a state prisoner; you and your comrades must wear the laurels you have earned."

"The devil garland you," cried the smuggler; "I wish you had such a laurel twisted hard round your temples."

"Be at peace, Will," said his mistress, in a low voice. "These Frenchmen would a deal sooner take your life, than lighten your chains. Say not a word to 'em, they only want some occasion to do thee harm."

"Comfort thee, Kate," replied Watch, no harm will betide thee or me."

"Arrah, sweet honey," said O'Regan, approaching the smuggler and his bride, and addressing himself with great earnestness to the latter, "not a finger shall be laid on you by man, woman, or child, while I stand by sleeping or waking. An Irishman's the natural champion of the

fair sex; and devil burn me but I'll make the man see more lights than one that dares but to turn up his nose at your pretty face, my darling."

At this address Katherine van Dronk eyed the speaker with considerable curiosity, as if in doubt whether to treat his offer of service with scorn or affability; but a sudden thought, which had not before occurred to O'Regan, and which now struck him, prevented him from noticing the doubtful reception his courtesy met with. Approaching more nearly to the smuggler, he touched the fetters with his finger and thumb, and lifting them with a gradual and grave motion, and eying them with much curiosity, he said, "Pray, jewel, what is your crime? Have you been staling?"

"Yez, monsieur," said Coquincourt, "au moins, he has been trying to assist the late King James to steal his crown back from our present King William. He is a grand thief. Du Puy! aie l'œil

au guet. He must be hanged, monsieur. C'est un cas pendable."

"Hanged, grah! hanged, was it you said?" exclaimed the colonel; "and so the man must be hanged, because why? because he saved the soldiers of your Prince of Orange, with many others to boot, and myself not one of the least, from being drowned. A mighty pretty kind of exaltation for his service. But I hope you'll take the trouble to ask Prince William, or at least ould Shambear, about it first, and say Teague O'Regan counselled ye. Neither one nor t'other can be such a Turk as shorten his days the breadth of a hair in his beard."

"Never fear, shipmate," said the smuggler, laughing. "Though these brave fellows dare not trust themselves with us without the bilboes, and are fain of us being run up at the yard-arm, yet I think somehow we shall yet weather the storm and ware the rock. This old tower is but a wildish place, Kate, to bring one's wife home to; but as these

honest men have set fire to our cottage, wench, it's better than lying on the heath."

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed O'Regan, grinding his teeth, and staring with admiration, "it was not your cottage that made such a light down the shore?"

"Ay, man, it was the bonny spot," answered the smuggler, with affected gaiety, but unmingled chagrin; "Plas y traeth is down stock and stone; my boat may be scuttled to-morrow, for she's now not worth a stiver, and I and my crew are prisoners. We have learnt something, shipmate. Let us get clear of this scrape, and the next king's ship that I come athwart in a gale shall sink or swim for Will Watch."

The smuggler was interrupted by the opening of the door of the guard-room, through which, conducted by Du Puy, who, in obedience to the command of his superior officer, had been absent on his guard, entered Winifred Jones and her

mother Rowna. The former had been sent after the other prisoners by Watkin Pendarvis; and her mother, who had long been on the watch for her, on learning the place of her committal, applied for and was allowed the privilege of accompanying her. On entering the room, the eyes of the mother and daughter sought, with eager glances, for the victim of their treachery; and it was not long before they espied him, seated near the fire-place, with his young bride upon his knee. The feelings of Winifred were unutterable. She did not advance — she did not speak; but she stood at the door, and gazed upon her rival, encircled in the arms of him she loved, with eyes dimmed by tears, and a heart sick with disappointment. Her fierce anger was gone, her spirit was broken, she knew she was for ever rejected, and she only wished herself dead. Far otherwise were the emotions of her mother, who, on detecting the situation of the smuggler, made her way fiercely through the crowd

of soldiers and their prisoners, and advancing to Watch, would have torn his bride from his knee, if, having perceived her furious approach, the cause of which he easily divined, he had not risen from his seat, and placed Katherine behind him, so as to secure her from the wrath of the gigantic Welshwoman.

"Ha, is hur there?" cried Rowna, lifting up her hands, and throwing back her grizzled hair, which fell in elf-locks about her shoulders. "Is hur found at last? Is hur found with her painted —— on hur knee? Hur did not expect so large a house to keep hur bridal in, belike. Come here, Winny, come and see the smuggler's fancy — the dizened harlot that hath lept into thy shoon. Marry, one had thought that as she could wear ony mon's boots, she'd not be so keen at snapping."

"What ill wind sits in your sail now, Rowna?" said Watch.

"A wind that has wrack'd thy boat," answered the woman, with a smile of

triumphant malice; "a wind that has fanned Plas y traeth into flame, and harboured the smuggler in the Twr Vawr. How like ye the wind, Will Watch?"

"Why, none so bad, if that be all, woman," replied Watch, carelessly; "I have seen worse squalls in my time."

"Faith and troth," said the Irishman, who had hitherto stood fixed in amazement at the behaviour of Rowna, "I will be thinking that the creature has been tasting too deep of her own brandy. She sells a comfortable liquor, it must be said — rather of the strongest for a female brain. Hark ye, my good landlady, throw yourself down on the straw there, and snore off the fumes of your night-cap; you'll be all the better for it."

The virago did not notice the friendly counsel of O'Regan, except by a fierce and contemptuous stare; but, turning to the smuggler, she said, "Hur has made a fool of Rowna, and hur wench, Will Watch, and hur's a false ruffin for't; but

dunna think we'll take't lightly. Dunna think we'll sit siking and frabbing, because hur's took up with that dainty doll. Nay, lad, hur knows us of old — her knows Rowna afore to-day — hur has set us at nought, and there's not a day betwixt hur and death."

The light at once dawn'd upon the smuggler, and he comprehended, for the first time, the manner and reason of his being betrayed, as well as the full extent of his danger, since he knew that Rowna Jones was fully informed of many of their treasonable dispositions, and had power sufficient, if she had the mind, to bring his life under the edge of the law. Still he was not dismayed. His friends were still at liberty; and before those of the predominant government could procure a reinforcement of troops from Conway, or Caernarvon, he trusted Gwyndyr and Delafosse would exert themselves for his liberation. This hope brought a smile upon his countenance, and he replied, "Well, Rowna, if I'm to die to-morow,

let's be friends, woman, and keep my wake to-night. A sailor has but a slippery life and a stormy grave. Why, so be it; my fathers had before me. Come hither, Winny; though I can't take thee in tow, seeing as how I'm fixed with a consort, yet I bear thee no grudge for this squall, wench. It shews thy liking heartily. Come hither; Kate shall give thee welcome without jealousy."

"And if hur does," said her mother, with an eye flashing fire, and a lip curled in scorn, "hur has no part in me." But the disposition of Winifred, which bore a much greater affinity to the warm-heartedness of her father than to the untameable fierceness of her mother, conciliated by the frank and forgiving temper of the smuggler, yielded to that returning tenderness which she could not conquer, for the old object of her affections; and, covering her eyes with one hand, she approached Watch, and gave him the other, which, after shaking heartily, he transferred to his young and

trembling bride; but the Welsh maiden was not yet prepared to go so far in her forgetfulness of her loss. The frown which had scarcely disappeared from her brow again covered it with darkness, and she snatched away her hand from that of Katharine, as if from the teeth of a mad dog. Her wild and savage air struck the bride with terror, which was no little increased by the fiend-like sneer and reproaches of the indignant Rowna.

"What!" exclaimed the mother of Winifred, "greet the groom and not the bride! Shame, Winny, shame; and a bride that is saving hur back so dire a burden. Greet hur, wench, with curses if not with kisses! Curse hur, wench — sterile be hur womb — blight fasten on hur beauty — dim be hur eyes, and hollow hur cheeks! Has hur not wronged thee, and wilt thou spare hur thy curse?"

"Hur will not curse hur," said Winifred, with simple and sorrowful resolution; "we have already worked wealth of evil."

"Already, thou daw," cried Rowna, maddened with passion; "has hur not robbed thee of the smuggler, whether hur lives or dies? Has hur not witch'd him from thee to hur own girdle? And hur's fool enough to pass it by."

"What must hur do?" said Winifred; "must hur murther the wench?"

"Murther hur!" cried the terrific hag. "Hur would be revenged. If I had been thee, and time served, I'd have stuck my knife in hur heart to the heft — call it murther, as ye list — though I had spun my life out for't in a hempen band."

"Arrah, sirs, is there no one till the morning can have a care of this woman?" said the Hibernian, holding Rowna by the arm. "She's either mad or out of her senses with liquor; and she'll be doing mischief to somebody or nobody, — and that's herself, if ye let her go at large; or, perhaps, some of you are worth a dram or two — better make her drunk outright, and put her into the straw."

"Dozen'd fool! hold hur hand off," exclaimed the wife of Jones, striking up the arm of O'Regan; "hur will not stir a foot."

"Ah, but you must, good woman," said Coquincourt; "there is not room for you. Messieurs les prisonniers! you must return to your chamber. Monsieur O'Rekan," he dropped his voice, "I shall be happy to have your company for the night. The bridegroom and his pretty maîtresse may also stay; oui, and dis tall damsel, if she will promise to endure quiet. Ribaudier! les prisonniers — qu'ils s'en aillent! En avant!"

With the assistance of the picket, Ribaudier compelled the reluctant captives to return to the inner chamber; but it was in vain that the lieutenant used commands, threats, and every means short of violence, to induce the landlady of the Salmon to quit the guard-room. And in an attempt to lead her out, which he thought proper to try before he put her

into the hands of the soldiers, the gallant officer received so severe a blow from the nervous hand of the gigantic female as forced him to stoop his knee to the ground. Ribaudier rose in a great fury, and cried, "Hola, mes enfans! drife her out!"

"Diaoul drive hur, French skipjack!" cried Rowna, flourishing her arms like an ancient gymnast; "hur would crack hur like a louse but for hur spontoon."

"Let her bide, let her bide," said Watch; "she will do ye no harm, and there's room enough and to spare."

"If she may not bide," said Winifred, "I winna stay — so let's go together."

"I would like to know why yon gillflirt may be at hur ease, and we, womenfolk like hursell, thrutch'd aside?" cried the indignant Rowna. "I wot she must pay for hur pleasure either wi' coin or somewhat else."

"Taisez-vous, malheureuse!" exclaimed Ribaudier; "you shall stay if your tongue you will keep still."

"Hur will be still or stirring as hur lists," cried Rowna; but perceiving that she began to be disregarded, she sat down on a bench, and leaning her head upon her hands, ruminated in silence the events which had passed that evening. But though unheeded by most, there was one person who continued to gaze on her with undiminished attention. It was Katharine van Dronk, upon whose timid spirit, unaccustomed to personages of so wild and romantic an appearance, the giant-like height, the dark and grizzled elf-locks, the sun-burnt visage, and fierce masculine behaviour of Rowna, had wrought unusual terrors. She almost fancied her a being of another class than her own; as one having a peculiar relation to the high and mountainous and rugged region which she inhabited; a "spirit of the storm or flood or fell," whose local habitation and name belonged solely to the mist-clad hills and torrent-worn valleys of Wales. She sighed as she compared Rowna and her

daughter with the well-coifed females of her native town, and longed for the inside of her snug tavern at Liverpool White Cross, as she cast her eyes around the lofty and gloomy walls of her prison. Her mind had begun to dwell too curiously for her happiness on these unpleasant changes, when her attention was drawn off to the observation of another scene. The captain, Coquincourt, had fallen asleep upon a wooden bedstead near the fire, and Colonel O'Regan, imitating his example, snored lustily by his side. The smuggler dozed upon the shoulder of his wife, and Rowna herself nodded with weariness. Of all present, the French lieutenant, Ribaudier, and Winifred Jones, who were seated and conversing, with the exception of Katharine, were alone awake; and the smuggler's bride, rather than spoil sport, as the saying is, pretended to sleep also. She had observed Ribaudier for some time before attempting familiarity with Winifred, whose Herculean size and de-

votion to Watch were no discouragements to the bold heart of the valiant Frank. At first his gallantries were repulsed with fierce disdain; but what will not importunity overcome? As if tired of resistance, and touched by his caresses, the lately desponding maiden suffered her hand to be squeezed by the Frenchman; who, emboldened by this advance on the part of his conciliated mistress, drew closer to her, and at length threw his arm around her waist, which almost appeared too bulky for his lean but lengthy grasp. Still her eyes did not betray that fervent and laughing satisfaction which it is said maidens experience on these occasions; but her countenance remained as grave and demure as that of a cat when she seeks to entice and devour a handsome, sleek, and well-fed mouse. But Monsieur Ribaudier was too happy to observe her face so minutely. He only observed her lips, which appeared to him ripe and ruddy enough to demand the taste of a

connoisseur; and he was in the attempt to confirm his observation by experience, when he felt, with most horrible surprise and mortification, the teeth of his charmer grinding on his cheek-bone. In vain he endeavoured to escape from her embrace: she held him as a nail is clenched in a vice, and he found nothing would do for it but to alarm his friends, which he speedily did with the most shrill and dissonant lamentation. His cries first awoke the damsel's mother, who, beholding her daughter struggling with a man, believed it was she who made the outcry; and springing towards Ribaudier, she struck him to the earth with a blow of her fist. And she would have proceeded to trample out his life, if O'Regan and Coquincourt had not risen to his assistance, and forcibly dragged her away from the object of her vengeance.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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